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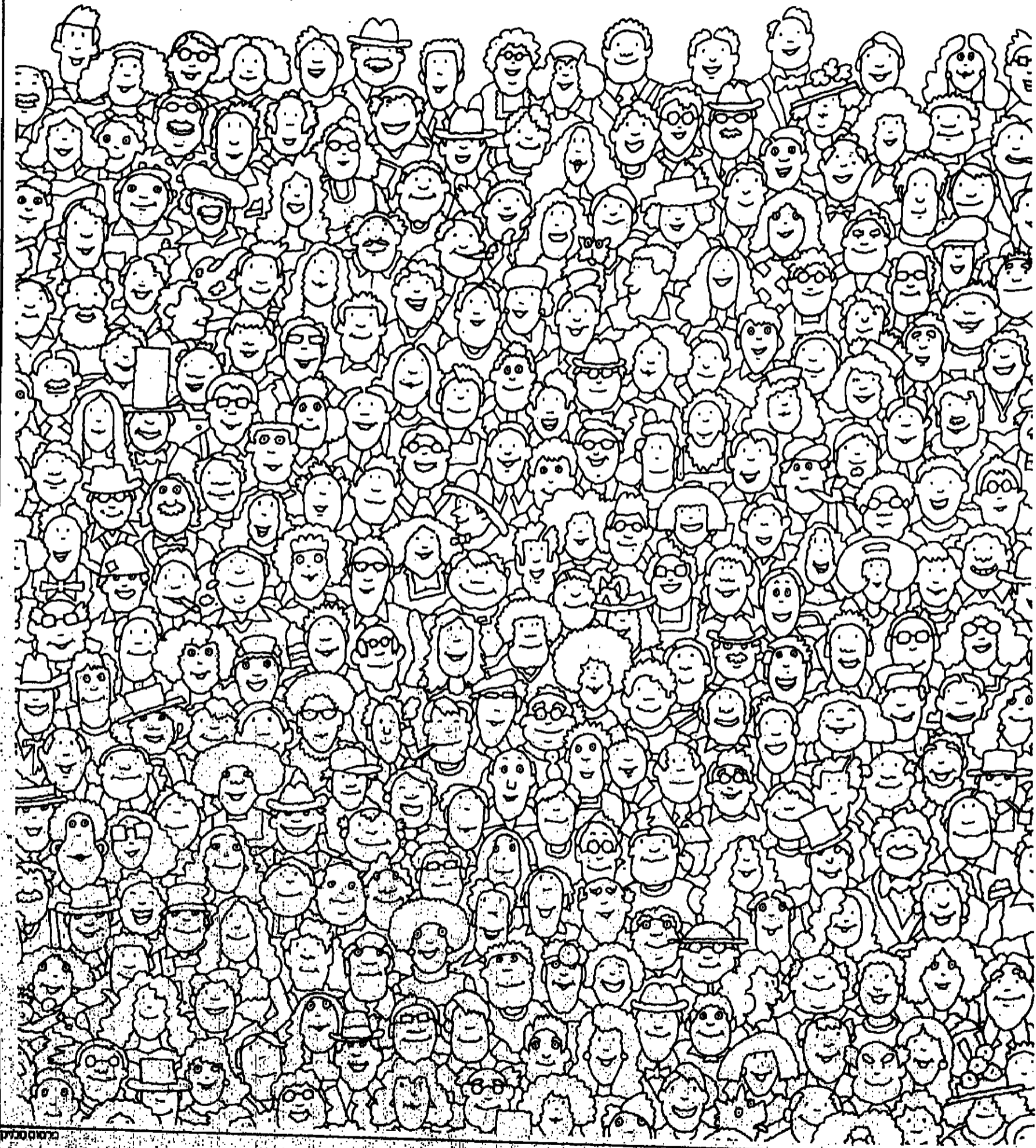
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הכרזה מן האוכל

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Lebanon revisited

Major Saad Haddad 'has managed to build an island of relative normalcy in a sea of madness,' writes JERUSALEM POST military correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN, who recently was in South Lebanon for the first time since Israeli troops left the area.

"I AM THE MAYOR here, the commander of the army and the judge. I am the police force, their father, mother and big brother. I am Abu Skander."

Thus spoke a graying and intensely self-satisfied man in the main square of the little town of Bint Jbeil in Southern Lebanon last week. He had driven to meet us along the narrow, shell-torn roads of the south in a huge Buick, barely managing to manoeuvre the eight-cylinder monster through the town's winding alleys.

"I borrowed it," he explains, seeing our incredulous glances. "I have lots of friends."

Flanked by two armed companions, Abu Skander smiles as he allowed himself to be photographed and then proceeds to expatiate upon life in Southern Lebanon. Dozens of children scamper between our legs, the adults maintain a respectable distance, but within a respectable range. We hear that whereas Bint Jbeil was once the terrorists' main stronghold in the south, today it is a model of cooperation. Its 8,000 Shia Moslem inhabitants are loyal to the leadership of Major Saad Haddad, the Christian commander of the Southern Lebanese army, to whose representative in Bint Jbeil, Abu Skander, we are now speaking.

Despite the reservations one may have about Abu Skander's methods (for some reason "the Godfather" kept coming to mind) Bint Jbeil, where less than a year ago 460 people were living in the bombed ruins, is now, by Southern Lebanon standards, a flourishing town. Its shops are well-stocked, and there is indeed no crime. Houses are being rebuilt and the schools are open. Life has, for the most part, returned to normal.

This is our first visit to the south since the last Israeli troops pulled back some six months ago, leaving the several thousand people in the area in the hands of UNIFIL. Memories of the place were sad.

The sad faces of children sitting among the ruins of their homes. Children who had not seen the inside of a schoolroom for months, and whose favourite playthings were guns. Or of women walking through forlorn streets in tattered clothes, lugging tins of water up to apartments with cardboard and planks covering the gaps where shells had penetrated.

Now, on the surface, things are very different. The antagonists of yesterday are the allies of today, trying to restore what can be salvaged from the overall abnormality which is the Lebanon of the present.

WHAT THE SITUATION in Southern Lebanon is complex is a truism, but few realize just how complex. Passions run deep, as do the scars of years of collective suffering, and together they have moulded a new reality in the area.

We tend here to think in terms of Christian militias running the show in the south, defying the Beirut government and the



(Above) Soldier has Lebanese emblem attached to the butt of his U.S.-made M-16 rifle. (Above right) Shopping for goods which have just arrived from Beirut. (Below, from left) Youth wounded in earlier fighting and his baby sister; Abu Skander of Bint Jbeil; children back at school. (Photos—Hirsh Goodman)



soldiers of UNIFIL, charged with restoring law, order and Lebanese sovereignty in the South. The truth, apparently, is very different.

There are some 60,000 people in the area, most of whom have returned since the Israeli withdrawal. Of these, 90 per cent are Moslem, 7 per cent Christian and 3 per cent Druse. While command of the area is very definitely in the hands of Haddad and several trusted Christian lieutenants — like Abu Skander — the Southern Lebanese army is about half Moslem and by no means a militia in any sense of the word.

Haddad's army is paid monthly, with most of the money coming from Lebanese military headquarters in Beirut. Although formally he has been dismissed, we were given to understand that in actual fact there is almost daily contact between Haddad and the north.



Men are trained according to a strict military regimen, and certain courses are mandatory for advancement. They wear uniforms, and there is a defined military hierarchy. Every new recruit undergoes stiff medical tests, and every one has a file, as in any regular fighting force.

The basic difference is, however, that whereas most army commanders are generals, Haddad remains a major, and his officers have therefore to be content with low ranks. But rank, it seems, plays a very small role; it's position that counts in South Lebanon.

Because of the administrative vacuum that exists in the south, all government offices being in Beirut, the military leadership is also the civilian leadership. Haddad — with the assistance of Abu Skander and others like him — is the be-all and end-all of authority in the area. Electricity problems: Haddad. Water needed: Haddad.



Education and municipal affairs: all Haddad. There is no police force, only Haddad. True, this is irregular. But so are the methods that are needed to obtain these basic requirements of normality. Electricity, for example, comes from the north, and the terrorists are able to control its flow. If, for any reason, they decide to cut off the supply, one or two well-placed shells tend to get it going again.

LIFE IS by no means easy for the people of the south. While the Shia Moslems do not seem to have much trouble travelling between the north and the south, the Christians have been cut off from their families for years, not daring to make the journey through terrorist-controlled territory.

But the shops are well stocked with Lebanese-made goods, and market day in Misr e-Jebel was like market day anywhere else in the Levant, with merchants angling over well-fed cattle and

housewives picking over the piles of woollens just in from Beirut. Admittedly, the bargaining was conducted amid ruins of buildings, but all around repair work was in full swing, and new houses were being built.

According to our escort, there is not a single empty home left in the south. "They have all come back," he said, "and brought their relatives from the war-torn and insecure north with them. Here with Haddad we have safety."

Strange but true. Despite the fact that he was labelled a renegade by the government in Beirut, despite the problems he faces daily — shelling from the terrorists and a perennial clash with UNIFIL that is trying to exercise its mandate over the area — he now controls — Haddad has given security and some of the trappings of normal life to the people of the south — more than the official government in Beirut.

He thus has to cope with a constant flow of "immigrants" opting to live in the rebel state until — if ever — things return to normal back in the north.

HADDAD AND HIS lieutenants today control a solid strip of territory, about 10 km. deep, running from the Mediterranean through to the Golan foothills along the Israeli border. Villages that formerly harboured terrorists and were openly communist, are now part and parcel of Haddad's empire, with their own local military units and their own system of 'government' linked to the headquarters of the empire in Haddad's home town, Marjayoun.

It was amazing to see the metamorphosis at places like Hule. At this former communist hotbed, whose inhabitants were arch-enemies of Haddad, one is greeted with a smart salute by a guard at the gate, wearing a uniform very much like that of the IDF, and holding an M-16 rifle. He welcomes our Haddad escort with a warm handshake and the two proceed to discuss affairs of the day. The guard insists that we drink coffee, and yells out to a youngster, who leads us to someone's house for the bitter-sweet ritual. All this in the very same Hule one remembers entering as a soldier on more than one retaliatory raid a decade ago.

Back in Bint Jbeil, Abu Skander swears that things are quieter now than they have been for 20 years. There is still much to be desired, however.

"Real peace will only come when we get rid of the rattlesnake terrorist from our midst," he says, adding that there are other foreign rattlesnakes who are trying to force their ways on the people. He is alluding to the Nigerian, Senegalese, Nepalese, Norwegian, Irish, French, Fijian and, until recently, Dutch UNIFIL soldiers deployed in the area.

"What do they know of what we want or need here? What do they want with us?" he asks, with what appears to be genuine puzzlement.

THE CRUX of the trouble with UNIFIL, it seems from conversations with local people, is that they cannot understand why they, who have lived there for centuries, and the terrorists, who have no national aspirations in Lebanon and are using the area purely as a base of operations against Israel, are treated evenhandedly by the UN.

"Actually, if it were really an even-handed policy, it wouldn't be so bad," lamented someone close to Haddad and his men. "In many cases and particularly where the Norwegians and French are concerned, it's a blatantly pro-terrorist policy. Not because they like the terrorists more, but because they're more afraid of them, and therefore cooperate with them."

The role of UNIFIL in Southern Lebanon is going to be much debated by the historians: speaking to a dozen people in an attempt to get a clear picture of the force, one has been given a dozen different stories.

It is fairly clear, however that the core of the friction between Haddad and UNIFIL is not so much the latter's attitude to the terrorists, or the biased reports they file, but a basic difference of opinion as to the real meaning of the mandate of the force, as defined by the Security Council after the Litani Operation.

They both agree that the ul-

imate goal is to restore Lebanese sovereignty over the whole country. But while Haddad sees himself and his army as an integral part of that sovereignty, and calls himself the commander of the Lebanese forces in Southern Lebanon, General Emmanuel Erskine, commander of UNIFIL, sees things somewhat differently. He calls Haddad's army "a de facto force," whatever that may be, and not part of anything to do with the Lebanese government. He therefore wants to deploy his own forces throughout the south, disarm Haddad, and bring down the "official" Lebanese army from the north to take over the security of the area.

There is only one problem about all this (and this is something everyone agrees on): there is no real Lebanese army capable of coming down from the north, apart from one battalion which Haddad claims to be Syrian-inspired and loyal to Damascus and not Beirut.

THERE IS NO solution on the horizon, and very little hope that one will appear.

UNIFIL will continue to remain on a permanently temporary basis, with its mandate being renewed every four, five or six months, depending on the whim of the Security Council on a particular day.

Haddad will continue to train his army, and the terrorists will remain a buffer between Haddad in the south and the government in the north. The Syrians will continue to maintain their 80,000-man "peace-keeping" force in the country, with the Saudi Arabian contingent helping to keep things quiet in and around Beirut.

Israel is sitting on the fence, literally and figuratively, operating six "Good Fence" stations along the border, each with a clinic and post office, for the benefit of the people of the south.

And while the turmoil persists, Abu Skander will continue to be the mayor and the police force, the judge and the military commander and to borrow large cars from his friends. There are plenty more like him in Southern Lebanon.

IN THE HAMLET of Itaroun, I saw some 200 schoolchildren who were playing during recess. Their average age must have been six or seven. Their teachers looked on proudly, and the headmaster watched the goings-on with the stern eye that only headmasters seem to have. The bell rang, and with military precision the children formed lines and marched into the building. The day before there had been no school, because of the artillery exchanges. Tomorrow there might be no school again.

"I have only one prayer," the headmaster said before he disappeared behind the double wooden doors of the schoolhouse. "That these children may have a future."

One can argue for or against Haddad and his politics. But one thing one has to grant him; he has at least managed to give these children a temporary future against almost insurmountable odds. He has used Israel when it suited his purposes, and he has used others. He has resorted, when there was no alternative, to a reign of terror. He has managed to build an island of relative normalcy in a sea of madness. And for that, he deserves the grudging respect he has earned even from his most vociferous detractors.

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WHEN I RECEIVED an invitation from the Central Council of Jews in Germany to share the platform with Chancellor Schmidt at the ceremony commemorating 40th anniversary of the Reich's *Kristallnacht* in 1938, and began to think about a speech, I found myself reconsidering once more a subject that has preoccupied me for many years. Both for personal and for objective reasons, I have always been deeply interested in the relations of Germans and Jews.

As regards my personal motivation, I spent the formative years of my life in Germany. I came there as a child of five at the turn of the century and left it suddenly — because my father was dying — at the end of the Thirties, four days before the Gestapo came to inquire about me. I spent half my life there — and in terms of my development and education, the essential part of it — as a German. For many years after, I cooperated with other Jewish leaders in the fight against Nazism, warning the Jewish people — albeit in vain — of the dangers ahead of it.

It was not until my first talk with Chancellor Adenauer on the question of restitution that I returned to Germany. In the 26 years since, I have negotiated with Adenauer and his successors and with other members of the Federal Government, members of the parliamentary majority and the opposition, on questions relating to legislation on compensation and restitution. Having reached old age, I am now concerned with the last stage of that programme. No wonder, then, that the subject of German-Jewish relations has captivated my imagination.

THE WHOLE PROBLEM of the relations of the Jews with the peoples among whom they have been dispersed over the centuries is one of the most complex and intriguing in human history; but none has been as significant and decisive as the encounter with the German people.

The Jewish community in Germany is one of the oldest in Europe. The Cologne synagogue, in which the commemorative ceremony took place, was rebuilt, after its destruction during World War II, on the same spot on which it is assumed to have stood in Roman times.

Until the Crusades, which had a damaging impact on Central European Jewry, the Jews were not merely tolerated; they held a respected position as a minority which, with the permission of the gentile majority, fulfilled many essential economic and financial functions as money-lenders, bankers, and international traders.

However, the unique chapter in the annals of German-Jewish relations, for which there is no parallel in the encounters between Jews and gentiles, began in the 19th century and reached its climax — in both the positive and the negative sense — in the 20th.

When European Jewry broke out of the narrow confines of the ghetto and their peripheral place in society, when it became involved in the process of emancipation and began to attain the status of equals, Europe became — not only for the German Jews but for the millions in Eastern Europe — synonymous with German culture. European culture meant for the East European Jews Lessing and Schiller, Kant and Hegel, Goethe and Heine — not Mollere, Shakespeare, Milton, Pascal, or Locke.

As early as the end of the Middle Ages, when the great migrations of German Jews to Poland and other East European countries started, they took with them their colloquial language: Yiddish. Yiddish was based on Middle High German and, some maintain, contains more elements of that form of German than modern German itself. This serves to illustrate the unique relationship between the two peoples. By contrast, in the early Middle Ages, the kings of France drove the Jews out of the Provence, with its flourishing civilization, they did not take their language, Judeo-Provençal, with them.

IT WOULD BE difficult to overrate the influence of German culture on modern Jewish life, and particularly on the Zionist movement. The major part of the works that created Zionism and provided its ideological basis — those of Herzl, Pinsker, Hess, Nordau, etc. — were written in German. In the new Jewish state, as described in Herzl's *Altneuland*, the language, of course, is German, not Hebrew. German was the language used at the first Zionist Congresses. When a delegate from Palestine spoke in Hebrew, his speech was not even recorded in the protocol, except for a note that, "Mr. X spoke Hebrew."

Looking at the Jewish influence on modern German culture, it was greater than on that of any other of the host countries. Even in the German Empire the Jews, though not yet enjoying equal rights to the full, played an eminent role in a variety of fields: in industry and finance — the names of Warburg and Ballin spring to mind, but there were many others just as important — in the arts, in literature, journalism, the theatre, in science.

Jewish influence reached its peak during the Weimar Republic, a period — as demonstrated impressively in the "Paris-Berlin" exhibition held recently in the Pompidou Arts centre in Paris — that may have been one of the most remarkable cultural epochs in German history.

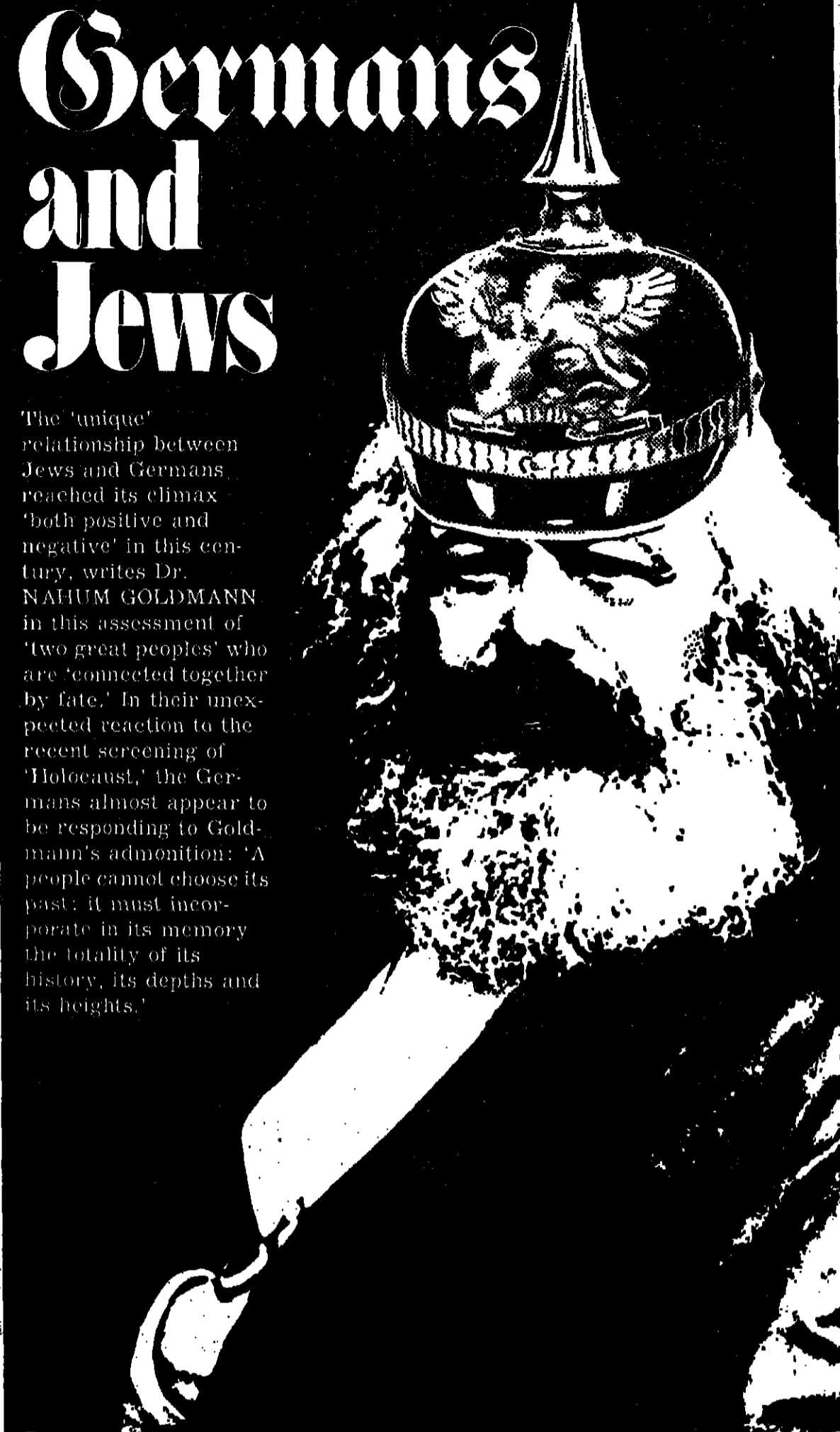
The four biggest German banks — the Deutsche Bank, Dresdener Bank, Handelsgesellschaft, and Disconto-Gesellschaft — had Jewish directors. The three leading German newspapers, *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Vossische Zeitung* and *Frankfurter Zeitung*, were owned and mainly edited by Jews; so were the most influential German periodicals of the period, *Die Fackel* and *Die Weltbühne*. The two important theatre directors of the epoch, Max Reinhardt and Brahm, were Jews.

The three men who may have had the greatest influence on the thinking of our generation, politically, psychologically and socially — Freud, Marx and Einstein — were Jews. One can cite a whole galaxy of German writers of Jewish origin, among them Kafka, Wassermann, Schnitzler, and Hoffmannsthal. American Jewry, at that time about eight times as numerous as German Jewry, though remarkable in many of its achievements, does not stand comparison with the latter in any of these fields — except, by virtue of the existence of a Jewish lobby, in politics.

ON THE DARK SIDE of the relationship between Germans and Jews, which is full of contradictions, there is, needless to emphasize, the evil wrought during the Nazi period. Fortunately, awareness of those crimes has

Germans and Jews

The 'unique' relationship between Jews and Germans reached its climax 'both positive and negative' in this century, writes Dr. NAHUM GOLDMANN in this assessment of 'two great peoples' who are 'connected together by fate.' In their unexpected reaction to the recent screening of 'Holocaust,' the Germans almost appear to be responding to Goldmann's admonition: 'A people cannot choose its past; it must incorporate in its memory the totality of its history, its depths and its heights.'



continued to strengthen over the years (and I personally welcome the appearance of books and films on the Hitler period, even when they make too great an attempt to be objective). The youth of the two people, who for three decades have tried to forget this period — the Germans out of a feeling of guilt, the Jews out of an unfounded and wrongheaded feeling of shame at their alleged passivity — have at last begun to understand that neither of the two peoples, persecutors and persecuted, can suppress this horrible chapter of their history in order to avoid a psychological breakdown. It is imperative for both to integrate what happened into their historical consciousness. A people cannot

choose its past; it must incorporate in its memory the totality of its history, its depths as well as its heights. WITHOUT TRYING in the present context to discuss the Hitler phenomenon in greater detail, I should like to state plainly that I am not one of those who consider Hitler to be typically German and an inevitable consequence of German anti-Semitism. I do not believe in the inevitability of historical events. History is, first and foremost, what sentient human beings do or refrain from doing. I personally experienced the growth of the Nazi movement at close quarters. For decades, I had to deal, in stormy arguments and discussions, often attended by

violence and police interference, with the predecessors of the National Socialists, the "German People's Defence and Defence League" and later with the National Socialists themselves. Before Hitler, anti-Semitism in Germany was no stronger than in other European countries, considering that the German-Jewish community was numerically greater and economically and socially more conspicuous than the communities in other East-European countries. The theoretical foundations of anti-Semitism had been laid by Frenchmen like Gobineau, Drummond, and Maurras, and by Englishmen like Houston Stewart Chamberlain (later to become Wagner's son-in-law).

An irrational phenomenon like that of the crimes committed by Adolf Hitler can happen anywhere. The evil and terrible thing, which both the Germans and the democratic countries should realize, was not Hitler and his charismatic qualities, but the passive attitude of the German political parties and the short-sighted, over-optimistic and cowardly appeasement policy of the European countries and the United States. With more courage and foresight, it would have been possible to get rid of Hitler without undue risk. This is the true lesson to be learnt from the Nazi chapter of history.

BEFORE ENTERING into a closer examination of the motivations and mainsprings of German-Jewish relations, I should like to make a statement that may appear paradoxical and is certain to be widely rejected. The climax of this relationship was doubtlessly reached in the Hitler period — negatively as well as positively.

The negative side does not require elaboration: it was the annihilation of millions of Jews. No less important in its consequences, and perhaps even more far-reaching, was the destruction of the greater part of the Jewish culture in Central and Eastern Europe.

As the Nobel prizewinner, Isaac Bashevis Singer, said of himself, he is the last survivor of a dying culture that comprises more than the merely literary aspect: an attitude to life in its entirety, philosophical and religious concepts that found part of its expression in Jewish humour, a humour only possible in the Yiddish language and not likely to be resuscitated in Israel. The fact that Singer is today the last creator of Yiddish literature is to be traced to Hitler.

But out of the greatest tragedy in Jewish history, out of the "Final Solution" carried out with systematic thoroughness by Hitler and the movement that depended on him — Barthou once described Nazism to me as "barbarism with a card-index" — something positive and good was to emerge: the consequence of Auschwitz and Treblinka was the creation of the State of Israel. Never has Goethe's aphorism, "You are part of that great force that wills the evil and creates the good," had more poignant confirmation.

I was a member of the Zionist delegation to the United Nations when the partition of Palestine and the establishment of a Jewish State was debated. The two-thirds majority endorsing the resolution, would not have been possible unless the democracies and the communist countries had made common cause in supporting it. Poland and Czechoslovakia were members of the commission that submitted the partition proposal; their common motive was a feeling of guilt. Thus, the creation of the State of Israel was indirectly a consequence of Hitler's policy.

To avoid any misunderstanding, I should mention that, as a confirmed Zionist, I always devoted myself actively to the creation of the state. We would have eventually succeeded in establishing it even without the Hitler catastrophe, though probably at a later date than was able to be realized under the emotional impact of the destruction wrought by the Nazis.

ALL THIS is part of the story of the relationship between Germans and Jews.

I am not an historian. My thoughts are based on 60 years of contact with the Germans; my opinions are those of a dilettante not a scholar. I have always had, I must admit, a certain distrust of experts, subscribing to the French definition of a "polytechnician," the embodiment of a specialist, as a man "who knows everything and nothing else." But my theses, based as it is on personal experience and practical knowledge, may perhaps have greater authenticity than historical documents drawn from faded archives.

As regards the compatibility of Jews and Germans, there is one central fact: both peoples are characterized by an inordinate sense of their importance in world history. On the Jewish side, this feeling has found expression in the unique concept of the "chosen people."

True, there were, and still are, other peoples that deem themselves chosen by their gods; but none is connected with a single God. That was a revolutionary concept in the cultural history of mankind. The Greek theology of local and national gods was in a way more natural and more adapted to the human character than the concept of a single God for all peoples. It expresses the universality of the Jewish spirit, although simultaneously qualified if not contradicted, by the concept that this God chose only this people as his own.

As far as the Germans are concerned, this self-importance has found less a religious than an intellectual-political expression. The words of the national anthem "Germany, Germany above all" is an indication.

Even more telling is the idea that the regeneration of the world depends on the German spirit, an idea conceived philosophically by Fichte. It consciously or unconsciously connects the desire to improve the world with the refashioning of the world in the German image.

One of the most important differences between Germans and Jews is that the Germans are prepared to achieve their mission, if necessary, by might and conquest, while the Jews wish to realize it by intellectual and religious persuasion. This difference in nature, notwithstanding the elective affinity, is manifest in the mythology of the two peoples. The German nature, as expressed in the Saga of the Niebelungen, is brutal and immoral. The Bible extolls the virtues of peace; its morals are non-militant. The superiority of our biblical ancestors asserts itself, here and there, by strategic and mild deception.

Other peoples, too, have this feeling of superiority. For the Greeks, there were Greeks and Barbarians; the French and British, too, suffer a similarly schizophrenic disposition. But with them the feeling is tempered by a certain tolerance. For the Germans it is ideologically motivated: their superiority is not something to be taken for granted. It has to be imposed, on others and themselves.

This mission-oriented self-importance and self-imposed responsibility found a high-level expression in intellectual achievements. French and English philosophers try to influence life and to explain history. They were, to mention only Descartes, logicians and not metaphysicians. Germans and Jews always had the Faustian ambition to explain the enigma of divine creation and human ex-

istence, the Germans through their metaphysicians — Kant, Hegel, Schelling — the Jews in the Kabbala, which endeavours, by the most abstruse means, to interpret the insoluble mystery of existence and to promote the final redemption and the advent of the paradisaical age.

BOTH GERMANS and Jews have a tendency to justify their existence and their history. Their sense of superiority has its origin in a certain inner insecurity: they accept nothing they do, and nothing done to them, as self-understood. Hence the schizophrenic trait.

Jewish history has vacillated continuously between two poles: the State and the Diaspora. German history is characterized in a constant flight to the south, in the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, in the parochial tradition of mini-states. After the great work of Bismarckian unification, German guilt produced a new fragmentation.

In the Diaspora the Jews — either by force of circumstances or partly as a result of an inner disposition, were humble and submissive; they preferred flight to revolutionary resistance. The Germans are characterized by excessive discipline, a sense of obedience, passive assent to any form of government (the real source of the Hitler syndrome).

Both peoples tend to be conspicuous. Not only as tourists, but on the stage of world history. They are often regarded as odd and as mischief-makers. Somehow they distrust themselves and are never happy about themselves, as are more naive and less self-conscious peoples. Anti-Semitism in its boundless form, connected with the infinite dispersion of the Jews, is unique. Yet somehow there is a parallel in the aversion of much of the world to Germany and the Germans.

Postwar Germany and the Israel of today both display these characteristics less than in earlier times.

The German people have suffered a great psychological shock as a result of the Nazi period, the crimes committed, the devastating defeat and the partition of their country. As a consequence, German aggressiveness, which formerly vented itself militarily and spiritually, has become less conspicuous; the Germans of today appear more modest and accommodating.

In Israel, some of the traits of the Diaspora — to flee rather than to resist, to accept humiliation rather than jeopardize their existence — have given place to a certain aggressiveness and self-assertion, in politics and in the face of dangers.

Both countries still have to give proof that past experience and the revolutionary change in their existence is enabling them to integrate themselves into their historical traditions.

As far as Germany is concerned, I see it as the duty of every political parties not to allow the lessons of the Nazi period to be forgotten, and to fight every sign, however small, of a revival of National Socialist tendencies.

(Continued overleaf)

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(Continued from page 7)

than other peoples. In Germany the phenomenon is to be found in its great men, such as Goethe and Nietzsche. The Jewish Prophets were the first in an uninterrupted series of self-critical religious and moral leaders. This has sometimes taken the form of self-hatred, as witness such geniuses as Theodor Lessing and Otto Weininger.

Another reflection of this characteristic is the use of superlatives. While other peoples have conceived their truths as relative, "absolute truth" exists only in German metaphysics. With the Jews, this trait finds expression in religious fanaticism and in the conviction of many leading personalities that they are always one hundred per cent right (one of the reasons for the failure of Israel diplomacy).

The Germans have always had an exaggerated admiration for foreigners and foreign languages. As far as the Jews are concerned their extreme state of dispersion — until the rise of the Zionist movement — resulted in an almost pathological wish for assimilation. The characteristics of the host people were not only imitated and emulated: the effort was directed towards surpassing those of the host population. I should not like to be misunderstood.

Despite all my criticisms, there can be no doubt that both Germans and Jews have been, and still are, very great peoples. Their wide ambitions and creative faculties assure them of an uncontested place among the great nations of the world. Perhaps they are connected with each other by fate. Pure harmony that does not have to grapple with contradictions may be good to contemplate, but it is very unrealistic. Great nations are those that fuse their inner scruples and contradictions, their dissonances, their tragedies, into creative synthesis.

Years ago I wrote in my diary: "The Jews are a people that one must admire, but cannot love." This applies just as much to the Germans. Both peoples are unpopular for the same characteristic: Their greatness. The Germans are unique in metaphysics, in music — Bach, Beethoven, Mozart. The Jews are unrivalled in their prophets, their religious genius (in which also Jesus and Paul must be included), their obstinate loyalty to their faith. This explains the attitude of non-Jews and non-Germans to both peoples.

IT IS AGAINST the background of these parallels that the relationship between Jews and Germans is to be understood. This relationship is in its own way unique, too. From the beginning of the Emancipation to the end of the 19th century and the proclamation of the Zionist programme, Jews did their utmost to become assimilated.

In France and England this occurred, as it were, without any special effort. They did all they could to appear good Frenchmen and good Englishmen and they were on the whole successful.

No Jewish community tried to assimilate with such intensity, with such an intellectual and emotional effort, as did the German-Jewish one. German Jews tried to be more German than the Germans. They were successful in many fields, but they failed in the last stage.

My friend Gershom Scholem argued about 10 years ago, at the plenary session of the World Jewish Congress in Brussels, that

the German Jews never became fully integrated into German culture. I think he is right. The Jews have produced many great personalities within the German cultural system, but never a Goethe, a Hoelderlin or a Stifter; they never went beyond Heine with his fascinating charm and his talented near-genius. It was different in science, but science is not dependent to the same extent on the character of a people as is, for obvious reasons, literature.

So far I have referred more to the compatibility than to the schizophrenia in the German-Jewish relationship, but I regard the latter as being an equally important element.

On the part of the Germans, there was a conscious or unconscious negative element in the relationship, even among those who harboured no anti-Jewish feelings and accepted Jewish participation in German culture. Thus, for example, men like Mommsen and Fontane, welcomed the creative contribution of Jews, yet maintained a certain distance from their Jewish co-citizens and were quietly apprehensive of their influence on the character of German culture



exceed acceptable bounds. The negative relations of many Germans towards the Jews was grounded in a certain awe for their efficiency, their inordinate successes and their many-sided talents.

On the part of the Jews there was, notwithstanding the intensity with which they strove to become assimilated and even the doctrinaire character of some of the assimilationists (and I am not thinking of those who took the radical step of baptism) the wish not to discard entirely their Jewish component, but to achieve an ideal, though unrealistic, synthesis between Germanism and Judaism.

Even the resentment and hatred of Jews because of the crimes of the Hitler era contains — according to my experience — a trace of a positive relationship, paradoxical as this may appear. The East-European concentration camp survivors are, by and large, more anti-German than the former German Jews. Among the many who have dedicated themselves to ferret out all Nazis and bring them to justice there are hardly any German Jews; they are mainly East-European survivors.

THESE OBSERVATIONS may go some way to explain the schizophrenic character of the mutual affinity with which I dealt earlier.

Before the Hitler era, a majority of Germans were certainly willing to accept Jews as co-citizens with full rights and the great majority of German Jews undoubtedly

ly wanted to become Germans in every sense of the word.

German Jewry was the only one which made assimilation an ideology, since it sensed that it would not come about as a matter of course. The demand of the Reform movement that Jews continue to live in the Diaspora in order to propagate the ideas of the Prophets, and the concomitant opposition of most German Jews to Zionism, had no parallel in other West-European countries or in America.

Without Hitler, if one may speculate on the matter, German Jewry would have continued to assimilate, though it would never — so I believe with Scholem — have achieved complete integration. To be fair, it must be said to the credit of German Jewry that the scientific study of Judaism developed in Germany in the 19th century is today commonly accepted among the Jewish communities of the world, as well as in Israel. Current Jewish religious trends, both modern Orthodoxy and the Reform movement, have their origin in German Judaism. Both the Jewish historian Graetz and the founder of Zionism, Theodor Herzl, were German Jews on the strength not only of their language, but of their culture. The development of modern Israel owes a great deal to the contributions of German Jews.

A decisive change in the complex relationship between Germans and Jews occurred, of course, with Hitler. There are now 30,000 Jews in Germany, and this number is likely to decrease rather than grow. But it would be an exaggeration to say that the relationship has come to an end and unwise to predict what shape it will take in the future.

THE GENEROUS attitude of the Federal Republic in the matter of compensation and restitution — unique in its scope and the precedents it has created (payment of compensation to a state that did not exist in the Nazi period, restitution to non-citizens who suffered under the Nazis) has gone some way to normalize relations.

As I said at the commemoration ceremony: there can be no question of forgetting and forgiving makes no sense in the relationship between peoples. Forgiveness is a moral matter between God and man or man and man. German-Jewish relations will for ever be burdened by the Nazi crimes, even though there are today normal formal relations between Israel and world Jewry on the one hand and Germany on the other. And even emotionally and sentimentally, relations are today infinitely better than ten years ago and show a tendency to further improvement.

I also said in Cologne that I consider it the moral duty of the Federal Republic and the highest expression of its most impressive record in the matter of compensation and restitution, to join with other powers in guaranteeing the continued existence of Israel once peace has been achieved in the Middle East.

Taken all in all, and despite the negative elements, I regard the chapter "Germans and Jews" as a positive and creative chapter in history. It will always remain a complex and a difficult chapter. Perhaps this short survey will encourage others to give closer attention to a subject that is important not only to the two peoples involved, but to the whole world.

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هكذا من الأصل

NEW YORK CITY, 1926. A dispute is raging between Jewish garment workers and their Jewish employers. A respected Jewish communal leader, A.E. Rothstein, is determined to do something about the hoodlums who are being used as strike-breakers. Instead of turning to the police, he appeals to his son Arnold, the gangster, and Arnold persuades his friend "Legs" Diamond to call off his gang.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that the influence of Jewish gangsters on organized crime in the U.S. in the Twenties and Thirties equalled, if not exceeded, that of the Italians.

Arnold Rothstein (1882-1928), for instance, was the pioneer big businessman of crime in the United States. He understood the logic of coordination and sought to organize crime as a source of regular income.

Today he is remembered chiefly as the man responsible for the "Black Sox" scandal, the attempt to fix the 1919 baseball World Series between the Chicago White Sox and the Cincinnati Reds.

But during the 1920s, he put together the largest gambling empire in the nation, a feat which earned him the title of "Czar of the Underworld."

Rothstein was born in New York City, the son of a respected middle-class Jewish textile merchant. The elder Rothstein was something of a philanthropist and was president of the board of Beth Israel Hospital. At the same time, his son Arnold controlled most of the gangs in New York and the traffic in gambling, narcotics and bootlegging.

Arnold never achieved the kind of respectability his family hoped he would, but he surpassed their expectations in another area: by the age of 24 he had amassed a fortune of \$12 million.

Rothstein moved freely in all circles — with politicians, statesmen, bankers and bums, socialites and hoods. His fame was such that he was immortalized by F. Scott Fitzgerald in *The Great Gatsby* as Meyer Wolfsheimer. And so successful was Arnold in organizing criminal enterprises and in staying out of jail, that he acquired the nickname "The Brain."

On Rothstein's payroll at one

don: Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg; "Dandy Phil" Kuzel; Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik; Abe "Kid Twist" Reles; Abner "Longy" Zwillman; "Tootsie" Feinstein; Arthur "Dutch Schultz" Flegenheimer; Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro; Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz; Monk Eastman; Louis "Lepke" Buchalter; and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. And their influence on the beginnings of organized crime in the U.S. rivaled that of the Italians.

The reason why so little has been written about the phenomenon of Jewish gangsters may be traced to pressures from within the Jewish community. Despite their manifold



achievements in the economic, educational and cultural spheres, American Jews have been insecure in their status and haunted by the fear of anti-Semitism.

As a result, anything that failed to reflect credit on the community was viewed with apprehension. Also, descendants of these criminals are still alive, with some occupying prominent positions in the Jewish and the general community. Resurrecting the past was considered to be harmful and embarrassing. Consequently, a virtual conspiracy of silence has enveloped the subject of Jewish crime.

Nevertheless, to understand fully the saga of the Jews in America, all aspects of the story — the good and the bad, the favourable and the unfavourable — must be examined. Failure to do so leads to a distorted picture. It is therefore not enough to know only about the rich and the famous, the artists and the writers among the Jews. We must also know about those who chose non-legitimate paths in their pursuit of fame and fortune.

Although there were Jewish criminals in 19th-century America, it was the period between the world wars — the era of Prohibition and the Great Depression — which saw the ascent of the American and the Jewish gangster as a type.

In 1919, the U.S. government attempted to regulate morality by passing the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. This law made the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages illegal. Prohibition, as it was called, offered an opportunity for the mobster to provide what society wanted, namely booze.

Another factor contributing to the rise of gangsterism was the morality of the age. This was a time when the honest man was considered to be a "square" or a "sucker," and flouting the rules was the norm in all sectors of society. It has been estimated that the majority of the population violated the Eighteenth Amendment in one way or another.

IT WAS IN this milieu that the Jewish gangster rose to prominence. Contrary to popular myth that Jewish criminals are involved mostly in white-collar crime, such as fraud or embezzlement, these men engaged in extortion, gambling, narcotics peddling and murder.

A composite portrait of the "typical" Jewish gangster of this period would show him to be a se-

cond generation American of Eastern European parentage, city-bred and in his early twenties.

Our typical Jewish gangster would not have finished high school and would maintain an attachment to his family all through his life. His parents would be working class and traditional, rather than Orthodox, Jews.

As a rule, he was the only person in his immediate family to turn to a life of crime; his brothers and sisters followed more respectable routes to economic advancement and social mobility.

A number of Jewish gangsters, like their co-religionists in other fields of endeavour, were extremely successful and important. In addition to Rothstein, two of the most notorious, who had a major impact on organized crime during their lifetime, were Louis "Lepke" Buchalter and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel.

Louis "Lepke" Buchalter (1897-1944) was Arnold Rothstein's heir-apparent in New York City. "Lepke" ("Little Louis"), as his mother liked to call him, was born on the Lower East Side, where the family — 10 other children besides Louis — lived over a small hardware store managed by Papa Buchalter.

LITTLE LOUIS got better-than-average grades in school and seems to have stayed out of trouble. However, he quit school at the age of 15, after having completed the eighth grade, and went to work as a delivery boy. The next year his father died and the family was forced to break up.

By the time Lepke was 18, all the family except himself had moved out west. Louis turned down an older brother's offer to put him through high school and college and, instead, moved into a furnished room on the East Side.

In this brawling, tough neighbourhood, Buchalter embarked on his criminal career. He joined a group of neighbourhood toughs who rolled drunks, picked pockets and robbed pushcart owners. Just after his 21st birthday he was sent to jail for stealing a salesman's sample case. This was followed by two more terms in prison for larceny.

Released from prison in 1922, he turned his talents to labour racketeering. At one time, he commanded an army of 200 gangsters who extorted millions of dollars from his victims.

For a fee, he protected manufacturers from strikers and unionization of their businesses by using strong-arm tactics to intimidate the workers. He also forced unions to do his bidding by installing his own business agents or by creating rival unions.

Lepke explained that the trick was a captive union and a captive trade association. "That way you got both management and labour in your pocket."

Lucky Luciano once commented that "with the rest of us it was booze, gambling, whores, like that. But Lepke took the bread out of the workers' mouths."

LEPKE'S system worked and he became a legend. The few men who dared to go to the police with their stories got acid thrown in their faces. This was enough to deter even the toughest of men. By the early '30s, Buchalter dominated a wide assortment of industrial workers, including bakers and pastry drivers, milliners, garment workers, motion-picture operators and fur trappers.

In the same way he gained con-



(Left to right) Gurrah Shapiro died in 1947 while serving a life sentence. Rum-runner Waxey Gordon, alias Irving Weiler, escaped Dutch Schultz's hit-men only to get a 10-year stretch for income tax evasion in 1935. Arnold Rothstein was shot to death in 1928 for twisting on a gambling debt. Lepke Buchalter went to the electric chair in 1944.



My son, the gangster

It may have been no job for a Jewish boy, but several Jews were prominent in organized crime in the U.S. during the 1920s and '30s. ROBERT ROCKAWAY explains why.

rol over the unions — through terror — Lepke moved into legitimate business. Those who tried to fight him found their plants wrecked or their stocks ruined by a special Lepke task force expert in the art of acid-spraying. When a manufacturer surrendered, Buchalter would place his men in the factory as managers, foremen and bookkeepers.

At the pinnacle of his power, Lepke was the feudal lord of New

York's underworld. His reputation through gangland was that he never lost his temper. However, the men who worked for him did not let that fool them. One of them, Sholem Bernstein, summed up their attitude toward Buchalter when he said, "I don't ask questions; I just obey. It would be more healthier (sic)."

Lepke's income from his various enterprises is estimated to have totalled more than \$100 million.

In the early '30s, Buchalter helped to found the "National Crime Syndicate." Among the early board of directors of this confederation of crime bosses were Lepke, Johnny Torrio, Frank Costello, Lucky Luciano, Joe Adonis, "Bugsy" Siegel and "Longy" Swillman.

They decided that each boss would have his own territory and there would be a loose working confederation, with regional chiefs sitting together on a board of directors. This board would dictate policy and handle all negotiations on the inter-mob level.

It was Lepke who campaigned for a special enforcement group to keep the peace. Thus was born what came to be known as Murder, Inc., made up predominantly of Jews from Brownsville, East New York and Ocean Hill. They became the "official" execution squad for the Syndicate.

When Dutch Schultz boasted that he would do things his way he was killed. And it was Charley "the Bug" Workman and Mendy Welis — two Murder, Inc. killers on orders from Lepke — who did the job.

In 1941, Lepke was indicted for the killing of Joseph Rosen, a garment trucker whom Lepke had driven out of business. He was convicted and executed in the electric chair of Sing Sing Prison on March 4, 1944. Thus died the man whom J. Edgar Hoover labelled "the most dangerous criminal in the United States."

BENJAMIN "BUGSY" SIEGEL (1896-1947) was the archetype movie mobster: handsome, hot-headed, ambitious and ruthless — the petty thief and muscleman who rose to become a crime lord.

Bugsy opened up Las Vegas for the mob and had the distinction of being the first member of the Syndicate board of directors to be executed by his own men.

One veteran New York City detective who dealt with them all said Bugsy was the worst. "For two bucks (his mob) would break the arm of a man they'd never seen. They'd kill for less than 50. Bugsy seemed to like to do the job himself...it gave him a sense of power. He got his kicks out of seeing his victims suffering, groaning, and dying."

Siegel's gang sold protection to nightclubs, acted as troopers for Joe Adonis, Lucky Luciano and Frank Costello, muscled into the labour unions and dabbled in armed robbery, burglary, narcotics and murder. When the Syndicate was formed, Siegel, only 28 years old, became a board member.

In 1937, he moved in to California and established the beachhead of organized crime. After he set up gambling, organized the narcotics traffic, and exploited the rackets in the movie colony, he shifted to Las Vegas, believing that the city was a perfect spot for a fabulous gambling casino.

Siegel got Syndicate funds and built the Flamingo Hotel. After it was built, however, he decided to make Las Vegas his exclusive territory. The Syndicate sent a representative out to reason with Siegel. According to one report, Bugsy refused to change his mind, shouting, "I found it, made it, and intend to keep it. It's all mine! Screw the Syndicate." This defiance was to be his death warrant.

On a June night in 1947, someone pointed a 30-calibre rifle at Siegel's face as he sat in his girlfriend Virginia Hill's apartment, and fired three bullets into his head. Thirty minutes later

three men, Moe Sedway, Morris Rosen and Gus Greenbaum, walked into the Flamingo Hotel and announced that they were now giving the orders.

NOT ALL Jewish gangsters were as prominent or successful as Rothstein, Buchalter or Siegel. Detroit, for example, had an organized group of Jewish criminals known as the "Purple Gang," which operated during the '20s and '30s.

The gang had its beginning in the Jewish section of Detroit's East Side. As adolescents, several of the gang's members, who went to the same school, began associating together. After school they would engage in petty crimes which often included stealing fruit, candy and other small items from Jewish merchants. Later, they graduated to rolling drunks and shaking down Jewish shopkeepers for money.

Eventually the boys went into business for themselves, manufacturing alcohol for bootleg liquor. Their base of operation, the Oakland Sugar House, located on Oakland Street, gave them the name "The Oakland Sugar House Gang." The original members of this gang were Harry Fleisher, Henry Shore, Eddie Fletcher, Irving Milberg, Harry Altman, Harry Keywell and Morris and Phil Raider.

Another group of petty criminals on the East Side formed around Samuel Cohen, known as Sammie "Purple." In the early '20s, the leadership of this "Pur-



ple Gang" was assumed by the three Bernstein brothers — Abe, Isadore and Ray — who emigrated to Detroit from New York.

Like the Oakland Sugar House Gang, the group turned from shoplifting and extortion to distilling and brewing. Eventually, instead of competing, the two groups joined forces under the leadership of Abe Bernstein and branched out into the business of importing liquor across the Detroit River from Canada.

The Purple Gang was loosely organized — instead of concentrating on a single racket, the individual members of the gang were generally for hire, going wherever the price was highest. As a consequence, they were often over-extended and careless in their work.

They were careless in selecting which jobs to take or not to take, careless in carrying out their work and careless in whom they double-crossed. This, in the end, contributed to their demise.

THEIR MAJOR source of income was bootlegging whiskey, but in order to earn additional money the Purples diversified, as it were. They hijacked prizefight films and forced movie houses to show them for a high fee; they defrauded insurance companies by staging fake accidents; they kidnapped people and accepted contracts for killing enemies of this or that hoodlum who did not want to do the job himself.

The gang was destroyed because the police moved against them when gang members left behind too much evidence of their crimes, and because the rival Sicilian mob, tired of competing

with the Purples, decided to eliminate them. In 1929, Irving Shapiro was taken for a ride and slain. His body was later dumped from a speeding car. One by one, the Purples were murdered until most of them were either dead or afraid to remain in Detroit.

In July, 1929, four of the Purple gangsters — Eddie Fletcher, Harry Sutton, Abe Oxler and Irving Milberg — were sentenced to 22 months in Leavenworth Penitentiary for conspiracy to violate the prohibition laws. In 1930, Morris Raider was sentenced to 12-15 years in Jackson State Prison for shooting a boy he suspected of spying on the gang. And in 1931, Ray Bernstein, Irving Milberg and Harry Keywell were found guilty of first degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment for killing three members of a rival gang.

Remaining leaders of the Purple Gang were systematically and mysteriously executed. In November, 1933, the bodies of Abe Oxler and Eddie Fletcher were found in a car on an isolated country road. Each man had been shot numerous times in the face from close range. Their deaths signalled the end of the Purple Gang in organized crime in Detroit.

THE QUESTION arises as to why Jews such as the above turned to careers in crime. Poverty does not appear to have been the major motivating force. Although most of the Jewish gangsters came from lower-middle-class homes, very few were exposed to abject poverty. Nor did they come from criminal backgrounds; their families were what one could call hard-working and respectable.

These men chose crime because it was the quickest way to achieve material success, power, recognition and status and movement out of the ghetto.

Crime was also exciting and provided a challenge for men of ability, aggressiveness and daring. The over-present element of danger — being killed by rivals or caught by the police — added to the excitement.

The Jewish gangsters saw what they were doing in the way many other gangsters saw themselves: they were providing a service. People wanted liquor, narcotics, gambling and women; the gangster furnished them with these amusements. As one retired Jewish mobster told this writer, "We only gave people what they wanted."

To the question of why this "service" involved killing, he answered that this was the way to protect one's interests. "It was me or them. And we never bothered anyone who was not in our business."

This was another element in their self-perception. They saw what they were doing as business and themselves as businessmen.

The American Jewish community entertained ambivalent feelings towards the Jewish gangster. They were repulsed by him because he epitomized the "bad Jew," the evil man who provided ammunition for the anti-Semite and who would bring odium upon the entire community. And Jewish parents were in a perpetual state of anxiety lest their children be attracted to the lifestyle of the gangster and seek to emulate him.

On the other hand, there were many people in the community who had a grudging admiration for the Jewish mobster, because he competed with the non-Jew on the physical level, and gave as good as he got. The Jewish

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Kfar Saba, Hefchal Hatarbut, 5.30 p.m. Tuesday, Feb. 27 Performance for Youth
 Jerusalem Theatre, 8.30 p.m. Sat., March 3
 Kfar Saba, Hefchal Hatarbut, 5.30 p.m. Sat., March 17
 Haifa, Tues., March 27, Performance for Youth at 4.30 p.m. and at 8.30 p.m.

Programme:
Metaphors — Rina Shuhaim — premiere
Daughters of Shiloah — Rahumim Ron — premiere
Life of Wilderness, Swamps and Forest — Ze'eva Cohen — premiere
Almanac — Donald McKayle
 Tickets (available at ticket agencies): Tel Aviv: IL25, 30, 40. Subscriptions: tickets for Haifa and North at Garber agency, Tel. 04-8477; tickets for Kfar Saba at Hefchal Hatarbut, Jerusalem: at Klatam, Tel. 246785. For group rate, call Baisheva offices. Saldiers and Students 50% discount. Phone reservations: call Baisheva, Tel. 03-3706, Habimah, Tel. 03-2-3742.

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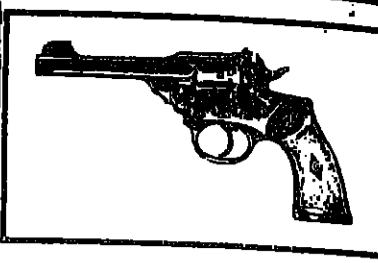
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(Continued from page 13)

gangster had "made it" in America by beating "the violent and physical guy" at his own game.

At a time when Jews in many parts of Europe were under constant threat of violence and pogroms, the gangster provided American Jews with secret vicarious satisfaction and pride.

THERE WERE ALSO instances where the Jewish gangster acquired respect because he assumed the role of protector and defender of his people. In the '30s, Murder, Inc. thugs broke up Nazi Bund rallies in New York and New Jersey. Jewish mobsters in Detroit protected Jewish peddlers and grocery-store owners from having to pay protection money to Polish and Italian hoodlums. And in Chicago, the funeral of the Jewish gangster Samuel "Nails" Morton was attended by 5,000 Jews who felt they owed him their thanks for protecting their neighbourhood from Jew-baiters.

Then there was also the bold-faced *chutzpa* of the Jewish gangster, at a time when most Jews were fearful of being too visible. In 1928, for example, "Machine Gun" Louis Wisbrod, who had built up a lucrative business selling Al Capone and other members of the Chicago underworld the tools of their trade — machine guns, grenades and bullet-proof vests — dropped in at Police Headquarters in New York with a view to broadening his market.

"Just checking if the police commissioner wants something useful and in good taste," Wisbrod said. "I sell only to those with an O.K. from high police officials, and as we gangsters elect them, those O.K.'s are not very hard to get."

The attitude of the Jewish community towards Jewish gangsters was not very different from that of the general American community. Despite a certain fear and abhorrence of the gangster, Americans have viewed him as something of a folk hero.

The gangster epitomizes the virtues of the frontier man and the cowboy — the man with the gun, who confronts society and its conventions alone and does as he damn well pleases. By so doing, he acts out the fantasies and suppressed desires of many Americans.

Gangsters are appealing, as one criminal authority has written, "because they dare to live by the values to which many secretly aspire but are unable or unwilling to adopt."

American Jews entered into criminal activity at a time when options for the children of immigrants were limited. Crime provided the avenue to achieve wealth, social status and mobility.

It has been said that Jews did for American crime in the '20s and '30s what the Rockefellers, J.P. Morgans and Andrew Carnegies did for American capitalism — they took what had been an industry of local entrepreneurs, organized it and made it efficient and big.

Dr. Rookaway is a senior lecturer in the Department of Jewish History at Tel Aviv University.

FOR YEARS, Israeli film had the reputation of being provincial and aimed at the lowest common denominator in the Israeli public.

A term was even invented to describe its insubstantial and often indigestible nature.

"Borekas," the light-pastry that so often lies uncharacteristically heavy on the stomach, became the term by which Israeli films were identified locally. Abroad, except for Jewish audiences, Israeli films were usually best left unseen.

But a new wave has swept through Israeli film circles in the past two years, pushing aside the cliché-ridden sob stories and schmaltzy slapstick of the past. Hopefully, it is the first spark of a genuine Israeli film tradition.

The hackneyed tales of star-crossed Ashkenazi-Sephardi lovers, the prince-and-pauper farces, the myths of the perfect soldier and the wonderful woman are disappearing. They are being replaced by thoughtful films about people in a society looking for roots, or by attempts to satirize our conventional stereotypes.

No bumper crop of feature-length movies reflecting the personal visions of directors, cinematographers, actors and screenwriters has yet flooded our cinemas. But a new self-awareness and readiness by local artists for serious self-evaluation has been one of the results of the growing up of Israeli society in the post-Yom Kippur War era.

Many of the new films, short or feature length, are produced by young men and women who were babies at the time of the founding of the state.

TYPICAL OF the new generation is Danny Wachsmann, a 32-year-old actor-director who was brought here by his German refugee parents from Shanghai in 1946.

With two short films to his credit — both were acclaimed abroad as well as locally — Wachsmann carried the script of *Transit* around for almost a year before he and Ya'acov Goldwasser, a 28-year-old advertising producer, decided to take the plunge and worry not about the money but about the film.

Transit is the result of the combined efforts of Wachsmann, Goldwasser, playwright Daniel Horowitz and 38-year-old actor Gedalia Besser. It is a moving look at the misplaced emotions and desires of our refugee society. Filming was completed in late December and Wachsmann hopes to have a cut ready for the Cannes Festival in the spring.

The story is simple. Erich Neusbaum decides that after 20 years in Israel he wants to go back to Berlin. The part is played by Besser, who earlier this year won the prestigious Oxford Film Festival's best actor award for his role in another new-wave Israeli film, Yaki Yosha's *Rocking Horse*.

The film depicts one week during the winter of 1968, as Neusbaum bids farewell to his old maid sisters who never learned Hebrew, to his sabra ex-wife and to their 12-year-old son. And he spends a week in a Jerusalem hotel with a local madmah.

Wachsmann regards it as a kind of metaphor for Israeli society.

"This isn't specifically a political film," Wachsmann said one day at one of the locations in an old Tel Aviv apartment house. "It's about the processes my generation goes through...and being cut off somehow because we are all refugees and immigrants."

Riding a new wave

The Israeli film industry is in the midst of a metamorphosis, director Danny Wachsmann and his colleagues assert. ROBERT ROSENBERG reports.



Filming *Transit*: (from left) actor Gedalia Besser, cameraman Ilan Rosenberg and director Danny Wachsmann.

"There's a sense of there not yet being an Israeli culture, of disconnection with one's environment, of not really belonging, wherever one is."

THE PROBLEM of an as yet undiscovered Israeli cultural aesthetic troubles Wachsmann and other Israeli artists.

His new film is about the sense of transit that seems permanently inscribed on the care-lined face of Besser. Here in his adoptive country, he has never really felt adopted. Of course, in Berlin, he never really belonged either, and the film about his understanding of himself is driving Neusbaum mad.

Wachsmann said he could have made his protagonist an immigrant from America or any other of the hundred different cultures that have come here during the past 30 years. But he chose the German culture because of the intense contradiction between the compulsively neat and modest Yekke and Israeli society in 1968, when post-Six-Day-War self-concept was at its height.

Colleagues of Wachsmann say the film is autobiographical, one of them pointing out that Wachsmann's own refugee parents came to Israel via Shanghai. But he himself merely shrugs off the question and says all art is derived from personal experience.

THE FILM'S cameraman, Ilan Rosenberg, rejected vehemently the suggestion that the recent spurring of good Israeli film might have been "just a matter of time."

"It's not a matter of making a lot of bad films first so that finally you can make a good one," he said. "Making a good movie means deciding to make a good movie, and that means not making compromises, and more importantly, making the film for its own sake and not for the sake of the cash register alone."

Rosenberg cited the absence of an aesthetic tradition as the source of the industry's troubles.

"There's no tradition here in any of the arts, but especially in film. Now, though, there's been some kind of breakthrough. We are perhaps, the beginning of a genuine Israeli tradition, which

we have needed and missed." Wachsmann listened carefully, as he often does, head hunched forward and green eyes under hooded brows watching the speaker carefully, as if looking at the development of a scene. Rosenberg paused and Wachsmann took up the argument.

"The lack of tradition may be hardest on the directors. We have to create not only a visual aesthetic, but an audio one and a cultural one. We have to come to grips with the strob sounds here, with the architecture, with the language."

Transit, he agreed, is about one such person who couldn't come to grips, who couldn't create his own tradition.

BESSER, Wachsmann's leading actor, attributes much of the new maturity in Israeli film to the Yom Kippur War.

After the war, he said, people began to think "a little more deeply. The adolescence that followed the Six-Day-War came to an end."

Most directors didn't realize that film is a different medium from the stage, and investors and producers were convinced the public wanted borekas.

"Maybe they do want borekas," was one comment on this, "but no one's tried anything else until now."

Goldwasser, the dynamic executive producer of *Transit* insisted that this, like the other new wave films, "is being made first and foremost for the sake of the film."

He said that the borekas were made for the audience, with an eye on the box-office, because in Israel the average film needs 100,000 ticket sales to break even. That's the equivalent of six million in the U.S. "so a common denominator factor enters into the picture," said Goldwasser.

But while *Transit* is a film that intellectuals will go see he thinks it could go well in Dimona too.

"There's action, there's sex, but most of all it's about the kind of gut problems everybody here feels."

"TRANSIT" has a IL2.5m. budget, but much of that is for salaries that have been deferred until profits start coming in. Many

of the crew work as volunteers, believing that the film is worth the wait.

To save money, Goldwasser sends the daily rushes to an Italian laboratory where development costs are much cheaper than in Israel and the quality much higher than he could get here for the same money.

"It's a sad state of affairs when young film-makers have to send their films abroad because of the overpriced monopoly of the laboratory market here," one Israeli film critic wrote recently.

"Maybe Menahem Golan, or the foreign companies that film near Eilat for fancy Westerns and the like, can afford the Herzliya Studios, but the youngsters, whom we need most, can't," said a veteran of the Israeli movie business.

MANY OF THE new wave actors, directors and cameramen participate in each others' films.

Rosenberg shot *Rocking Horse*, Wachsmann acted in it, Besser starred, Micha Sharfstein, the chief electrician on the *Transit* set, is the producer of a movie to be filmed this spring about eccentric ex-boxer and prison-break expert Nahman Parkash. Judd Ne'eman will direct it.

Ne'eman's own *Paratroopers* is another of the new wave films. It is a troubling, no-holds-barred look at the basic training of an Israeli paratrooper.

Paratroopers is a powerful drama and because of its unconventional view of the IDF, it has been effectively, if not legally, banned from most commercial theatres here.

It has represented Israel at several important festivals, including the London one. But because the Foreign Ministry, according to a spokesman, "doesn't think the film serves the cause of Israel," Ne'eman has had to pay the costs of showing it abroad out of his own pocket.

Usually, foreign ministries provide diplomatic-bag facilities for national representation at international film festivals. When Yaki Yosha's *When Is Peace?* and Ne'eman's *Paratroopers* were invited to Melbourne, Australia, the Jerusalem Ministry provided only Yosha with those facilities and the

cost of mailing were prohibitive for Ne'eman.

ONE OF THE MAIN problems Israeli film-makers face is the conflicting attitudes and demands of the various public bodies involved in financing or supporting locally-produced films.

Although costs of film-making here are generally lower than in other countries, the bare IL1.5m. to the luxurious IL5m. it takes to make a film here are still enough to force the local producer to accept government aid.

Commercial theatre owners are also afraid to risk showing a controversial film, or one that might be "too intelligent for our audience," as one of them put it.

Transit did receive some government aid and the subject is not controversial — in the sense of being an attack on a sacred cow.

But it is not merely entertainment and like *Rocking Horse* or the movies made by Moshe Mizrahi (whose *Madame Rosa* won the 1978 Oscar for the best foreign film) during the late 1960s, commercial success may not be in the offing.

ONE SUCCESSFUL and important native film maker is Uri Zohar, who last year gave up the entertainment world in favour of the cloistered life of a Jerusalem yeshiva.

Wachsmann thinks Zohar will be recognized internationally as one of the founders of an indigenous film tradition, when other Israeli films begin to make their mark abroad. "He was the first of us to make films as Israelis about Israelis," said Wachsmann. "He wasn't just another person who happened to be living here making movies."

Zohar's trilogy *Peeping Tom*, *Big Eyes*, and *Save the Lifeguard*, is a poignant yet often humorous look at the "never-grow-up" instability of sabras and their rootlessness. The films were made over a period of nearly seven years and, starring Arik Einstein or Zohar himself, they did break even. As cult films played in cinemathèques and rerun theatres, they have begun earning profits.

"Zohar looked at our society, he saw what he saw, and he made the movies first and then worried about who would see them," said one member of the industry. "He didn't make borekas; he didn't even make technically perfect borekas, as Boaz Davidson did in *Lemon Popsicle*."

Ironically, it was Davidson who invented the term borekas to describe Israeli film. Uri Zohar won't talk about his movies any more.

"It's in the past," he recently told an interviewer who sought him out in Jerusalem.

"But Uri Zohar showed us it could be done," said one veteran of the industry. "Yaki Yosha, Danny Wachsmann, Shmulk Krause, Ilan Rosenberg, Shmulk Besser, maybe even Avi Nesher and Sharon Harel (the producer-directors of *Halahaka*, the film about the IDF entertainment troupe) — they'll be doing it."

For Wachsmann and the others, "doing it" is making films about Israel that will be genuinely Israeli, yet recognizable and understandable to an international audience.

And like all film-makers, Wachsmann has another project in mind that he hopes to start right after he brings *Transit* back from Cannes.

"While I'm working on it I don't want to talk about it," he said. "But then, as an afterthought: 'It'll be about us, here.'"

سكزا من الأصل

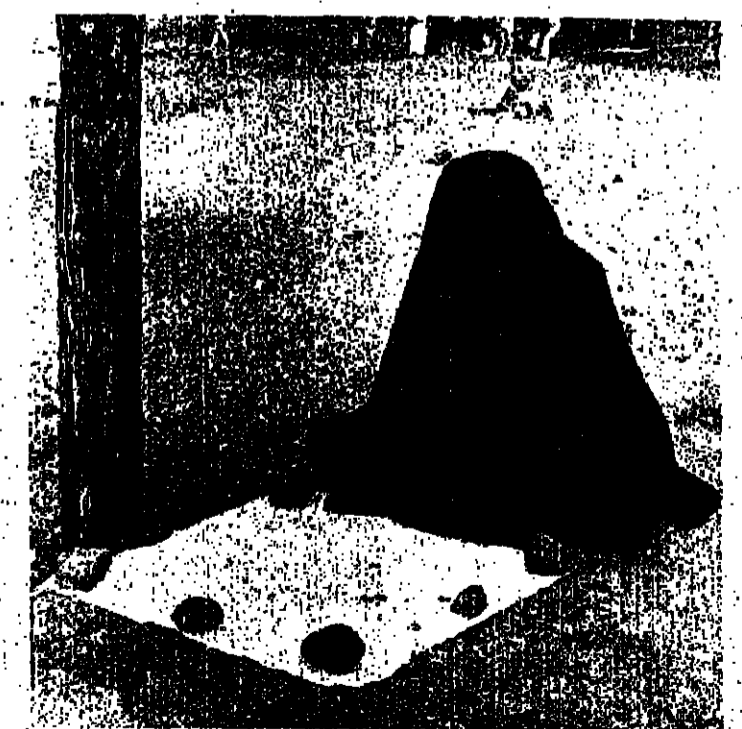


Some women are involved in the hurly-burly of life, while others find ways to withdraw from the world. A newsdealer in Bogota, Colombia (above) faces her fellow citizens with a smile. A beggar in Bombay (lower left) hides from humanity behind her veil. An ecstatic spiritual singer in New Orleans (lower right) ascends to another world altogether.

A WOMAN'S PORTFOLIO



"I've never gone out especially to photograph women," says Allan Auerbach, "but looking over the results of some varied assignments abroad, I found that these women were especially appealing. Sometimes it's a certain intensity, or a special dignity regardless of what they are engaged in. In all cases there seems to be something honest and genuine about these women. But perhaps that's also because none of them knew I was taking their pictures." The Jerusalem-born photographer has been shooting pictures professionally for six years, concentrating on the endless variety of humanity from San Francisco to the Fiji Islands. She estimates that in that time she has taken approximately 150,000 pictures.



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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA— Subscription Concert No. 6, Paul Paray, conductor. Mozart: Overture to "Don Giovanni"; Haydn: Symphony No. 96; Franck: Three movements from "Pavane"; Liszt: "Mazeppa." (Dinyenel Ha'oma, Thursday)

OBOE RECITAL— With Peter Brue (Holland). (Hebrew University, Wise Auditorium, Monday at 1.15 p.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA— "De Natura Instrumentalis." Conductors: Helms Holliger and Vinko Globokar. Globokar: Etude pour Fioltra; Holliger: Improvisation for oboe and trombone; Martin: Ballad for trombone and orchestra; Holliger: Siebengezaug. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

YUVAL TRIO— Uri Planka, violin; Simha Mead, cello; Yonatan Zak, piano. Mendelssohn: Trio in G Minor, op. 48; Dvorak: "Dumki" Trio. (Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem, Monday. Special bus from King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m.; Kings Hotel at 7.45 p.m.; Mount Herzl, at 8 p.m. Return trip assured)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY— Mozart programme. (International Evangelical Church, 55 Hanevlim, tomorrow)

CHAMBER MUSIC— The Jerusalem Khan in conjunction with Israel Radio. Pinna Salzman, piano; Moshe Murvitz, violin; Avraham Boronstein, viola; Elhanan Bergman, cello. Ron Haim: Variations on an Israeli folksong for piano, violin and cello; Fauré: Quartet in G Minor, op. 48; Brahms: Quartet in G Minor, op. 25. (Khan, Sunday)

MUSICAL DELIGHTS— Cilla Grossmeyer, soprano; Alan Tschalkov, clarinet; Aris Zachs, piano. Schubert, Elisabeth songs, and others. (Ezry Gallery, 18 King David, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv
ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA— Details as for Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday and Wednesday)

11.11 SERIES— The Yuval Trio play trios for piano, violin and cello by Haydn and Brahms. (Tzavta, 20 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

MUSIC SPECTRUM— Musical director, Boris Berman. With Helms Holliger, Boris Berman, Mira Zakai, Sara Reichenhal, Ze'ev Dorman, Yair Klees, Robert Moosa, Michael Eppelman, Michael Haran, David Donesi. Works by Zelenka, Kreba, Bach, Holliger. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

Other Towns
KIRBITZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA— Noam Sherit, conductor, Works by Mozart, Handel, Haydn. (Yehud, Tuesday)

OPERA

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA— Founder and producer, the late Edla de Philippe. Stage Director: Alexandrou Steinberger (guest artist from Rumania). Conductors: G. Singer, A. Taraki, A. Miriam Levanon. Chorus conductor: Dr. Hillel Pinkus.

SYLVIA— By Knihm. Cast: Torry Gabor, Walter Plante, Miriam Laron, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Freddy Peor, Gloria Sharon, Yael Elizabeth Shertz, Yossi Kabil, Yosef Poliak, Milo Czerni. (Tel Aviv, tomorrow)

NABUCCO— By Verdi. Cast: Ilio Novello as Nabucco (guest star from La Scala, Milan); Caterina Minonzzi, Umberto Scatavino, Joy Elizabeth Shertz, Elizabeth Brahm, Aviv, Thursday)

CAVALLETTA HURTICANA by Mascagni; **PAGLIACCHI** by Leoncavallo — Cast: Thomas Scarpio, Walter Plante, Umberto Scatavino, Florian Corry, Esther Baumweil, Floria Pop, Elisheva Vitale, Toahaki Kani, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Joy Elizabeth Shertz, Elizabeth Brahm, Isaac Kriger, Dalia Zuller, Ilio Novello, Gloria Sharon. (Tel Aviv, Thursday)

Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Isaac Kriger, Leni Kati. (Tel Aviv, Monday)

THE LAMB OF SMILES— By Lehar. Cast: Esther Hausman, Walter Plante, Miriam Laron, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Freddy Peor, Gloria Sharon, Milo Czerni, Rafael Rosenblith. (Tel Aviv, Tuesday)

CHILDREN & YOUTH

TEPI KINZ— Story and songs by Tzipi Shavit. (New Shalom, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Ashdod, Tuesday at 4 p.m.; Tiberias, Wednesday at 3.45 p.m.)

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LAND OF WHO— Play for children by Lea Masor. With Hava Alberstein and Avraham Nir. (Tel Aviv, Bat Dor, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Kiryat, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

STORIES THAT LIVE BEST— Play, (Kiryat Vilkin, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Migdal Haemek, Monday at 4 p.m.; Givat Brenner, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Tiberias, Thursday)

BERESH BERESH ZOUTA— Play by the Children and Youth Theatre, written by Moshe Ben-Shaul. (Pardes Hanna, Sunday; Afula, Monday; Givatayim, Tuesday; Ramat Yosef, Wednesday; Bat Yam, Thursday)

KING FERDINAND— By Ephraim Sidon. Lesson in democracy presented in theatrical form. By the Children and Youth Theatre. (Rehovot, today; Beerot, Sunday; Netivot, Monday; Dimona, Thursday)

REB SIMHA'S TRAVELS TO ISRAEL— Comedy by the Children and Youth Theatre. (Beer, Tzavta, today; Afula, Monday; Tiberias, Tuesday; Kiryat Haesdim, Wednesday; Kiryat Yearim, Thursday)

THE PHANTOM LADY— Play for youth and adults. (Rehovot, today; Merhavim, Thursday)

THE SNOW GOOSE— By Paul Gallico. Produced by the Children and Youth Theatre. For adults and youth. (Ramat Gan, today; Herzliya, Monday and Tuesday)

THE TREE CLIMBER— By Egyptian playwright, Tawfik Elhaki. Translated by Hanna Amit Kochavi; directed by Zippi Pine; music by Yossi Marham. For youth and adults. (Upper Galilee, today; Eilat, Sunday, Monday)

THE MAGIC ONION— Musical comedy for children and youth. (Yerusha, Sunday; Merhavim, Monday; Arad, Tuesday; Kiryat Gat, Wednesday)

GALICO'S ADVENTURES— By the Children and Youth Theatre. (Kiryat Malachi, today; Be'er, Sunday; Aora, Monday; Ma'ale Yosef, Tuesday; Tiberias, Wednesday)

SEVEN IN ONE SWOOP— Play based on the Grimm tales. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, today, tomorrow, Sunday)

LAD THE DOG— Film. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE

RAT DOR DANCE COMPANY— Streams (Ally); Desert Poem (Maor); Couples (Van Dantsig); And After (Gene Hill Egan). (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Whirligigs (Lubovitz); Adagio (Carmel); Desert Poem (Maor); Maqaf of Separation (Cohen). (Tel Aviv, Bat Dor, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY— Works choreographed by Zehava Cohen. (Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday)



Juan (Jose Peres) offers a drink to an unpopular inmate in "Short Eyes" based on the stage play by Miquel Pinero.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
HAHIMAH— **SIMPLE STORY**— By S. Agnon. Produced by Hahimah. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow)

HOMEWARD BOUND— The first part of Yehoshua Sobol's projected trilogy "The Days of the House of Kaplan," an Israeli version of Aeschylus' "Oresteia." The play is set in Tel Aviv on November 28, 1947 — the day of the UN decision on the creation of a Jewish state. Produced by the Hahimah Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday and Tuesday)

Tel Aviv
ACT II— By the Cameri Theatre (Cameri, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

BOHEM EXPRESS— Comedy by Ellis Segal. (Ochel Shein, tomorrow at 7.30, 9.45 p.m.)

COLONNADAGE— Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 301 Dizengoff, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DRUNKEN ROUND— By Yosef Mundy. For age 18 and above only. (Habimahof, tomorrow)

TIK FALL— Albert Camus' play translated and directed by Niko Nital. (Beit Hoven, 98 Dizengoff, tomorrow, Wednesday)

FROGS— By Motti Beharav. (Little Tzavta, Monday at 10 p.m.)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE— Science fiction monodrama of a retarded man who becomes a genius after an experimental brain operation. With Habimah actor Alex Peleg. Adapted and translated by Ehud Manor. (Beit Hoven, tonight)

HOMEWARD BOUND— (Habimah's Large Hall, Sunday)

L.S. DIONYSOS— The title is a combination of LSD and Dionysos, the mythological god of

wine. The play is about intoxication — the pushing, shouting contemporary Israeli kind. Written and directed by and with Niko Nital. (Teatron Bayit, 28 Zecharya, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

LA MALADE IMAGINAIRE— By Mollere. (Tzavta, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

METAMORPHOSIS— Kafka's story directed by Steven Barkov. Produced by the Haha Theatre. (Bat Dor Theatre, Wednesday)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM— Shakespeare's comedy produced by the Hahimah Theatre. Directed by Omri Nitan. (Habimah's Large Hall, Wednesday and Thursday; Small Hall, tomorrow and Sunday)

PAULA— By Eran Preka. About the absorption problems of a kibbutz volunteer. (Tzavta, tomorrow)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS— All about rubber contraptions. A lot of offensive schoolboy humour interspersed with a bit of good comedy. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SIMPLE STORY— (Habimah's Small Hall, Wednesday, Thursday)

WEDDING EVE— Yehoshua Sobol's sequel to "Homeward Bound." (Habimah's Large Hall, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT JENNY?— An extremely silly comedy about a septuagenarian lady who has just discovered sex, champagne and other good things in life; a vehicle for Hanna Maron who makes the most of it. (Cameri, tomorrow and Sunday)

WINTER FUNERAL— By Hanch Levine. (Habimah's Large Hall, Tuesday)

Yegli and Hanna Laas. (Beit Ha'am, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON— (Hebrew University, Wise Auditorium, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv
BENNY BOOM— (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 8.30 and midnight)

DAVID BROZA— (Little Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at midnight)

THE ESPRESSO GENERATION— With the Hakol Over Habibi group. (Ochel, 8 Bellinson, Sunday and Thursday at 8 p.m.)

FILMS ON ISRAELI ARTISTS— (Tzavta, today at 3)

GAZOZ— (Bat Dor, tomorrow at 7.30, 8.45)

HAGARIHASH HAHIVER— (Beit Hahayal, Weismann and Pinkus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ochel, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

HANAN YOVEL— (Tzavta, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN— (Tzavta, tonight at 8.30)

LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON— (Ochel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Hahayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Haha
GAZOZ— (Shavit, tonight at 8.30)

ESPRESSO GENERATION— (Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Other Towns
BENNY BOOM— (Acre, Monday at 8 p.m.)

ESPRESSO GENERATION— (Hadera, tonight at 9.30; Tiberias, Monday at 9 p.m.)

GAZOZ— (Rishon Lezion, Monday at 9 p.m.)

HAGARIHASH HAHIVER— (Beersheba, Olat, tonight at 9.30)

LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON— (Holon, tonight at 9.30; Ashdod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON— (Holon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

For last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON— (Ochel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Hahayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

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TOM ROBINSON is the one and only self-confessed British gay rock singer. So bloody well what?

Dark power

ROCK, ETC. / Natan Y. Shaw & Madeline L. Kind

On the jacket notes to his CBS album, *Power In The Darkness*, Tom explains: "I got no illusions about the political left any more than the right; just a shrewd idea stomp on us first. All of us — you, me, rock 'n' rollers, punks, longhairs, dope smokers, squatters, students, unmarried mothers, prisoners, gays, the jobless, immigrants, gypsies (and what about the Jews!) to stand aside is to take sides. If music can ease even a tiny fraction of the prejudice and intolerance in this world, then it's worth trying."

Putting the lyrics aside, if that can be done, T.R.B. lays on tight, slashing, razor-sharp rock. The band explodes with Brian "Dolphin" Taylor's drums, Danny Kustow's blistering lead guitar and Tom on bass. All the while, 17-year-old Mark Amber is busy on keyboards providing the band

with its instrumental density. There are straight pop-anthems, "Gray Cortina" and "Too Good To Be True," but Robinson's *raison d'être* is his protest songs, of which the title track is certainly outstanding. N.Y.S.

JETHRO TULL'S *Heavy Horses* (CBS) is, for reasons unbeknownst, dedicated to all the hard-working equines in the British Isles. The new album takes its inspiration from field and farmyard, with some fine folk-poetic lyrics and laid-back balladic structures. None of this,

Blue," the Bach-inspired "Magnificent Mog" and "Universe," which did well as a single last year. Acker's sure alto is backed on all 12 tracks by plenty of strings.

Blik also appears on Hataklit's "Clarinet Jazz Giants," with several nice numbers contributed by Tony Coe and Terry Lightfoot, among others. Meanwhile, France's Joel Olivier very competently holds down the fort on the other side of the Channel on *Clarinette d'or*. Both albums make for very persuasive sofa set-ups, especially if your lady isn't into the disco scene.

AND WHILE we're on jazz, one of the true giants fell the other week: Charles Mingus. The bassist-composer died in Mexico at 66 of a heart attack after a harrowing bout with a disease of the nerves which had left him paralyzed over the last year.

One of the last of the great innovators who bloomed in the

Lester Young-Charlie Parker pop era of the 1950s, Mingus virtually invented the acoustic bass solo and left his mark on every progressive bassist to follow. Fast-chord bass guitarists in many a rock band may also owe a debt to Mingus without even knowing it.

The Mingus discography is extensive, but a good introduction to his beautifully aggressive chromatics may be heard on *Blues and Roots* in the recent *That's Jazz* series put out by Atlantic. Mingus's last project was writing and arranging the music for Joni Mitchell's newest album, due out this spring.

Also recommended is Charlie's mean autobiography, *Beneath the Underdog*, a free-wheeling trip inside the music world and inside one man's head. It first came out in 1971 and is still available as a Penguin paperback.

A moment of silence for the monumental Mr. Mingus. □ M.L.K.

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Nathan Meisler and Tehia Shmuell in O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars."

All about The Troubles

THEATRE/Mendel Kohansky

THESE ARE GREAT days for the Irish in Haifa begorra. The lobby of the theatre is all done up like one of those grand pubs one sees in the old country, and a pretty red-headed colleen sings about Tom Finigan, the house-painter who could not start a day's work without emptying a bottle of whiskey (which in Hebrew became wine for rhyming's sake, and have you ever seen an Irish house-painter drinking wine for breakfast?), and about Roddy McCorley, who fought the Black-and-Tans and died like a man on the gallows. And there is even Harp beer and Guinness stout at the counter, and what would you be seeing on the walls of the lobby but photographs from the Abbey Theatre before it burned down 30 years ago, and posters from the Easter Rebellion written in grand old Gaelic like *Pohlacht Na h-Eireann*.

The idea of Oded Kotler, who directed Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* at the Haifa Municipal Theatre, was to give the audience a taste of Irish spirits the evening before they enter the hall. It is very effective; before I sat down, I looked under my seat to make sure there was no leprechaun hiding there.

The action of the "tragedy in four acts" takes place in Dublin, before and after the 1916 Easter Rebellion, that tragic insurrection which cost thousands of innocent lives, and ended in the decisive defeat of the freedom fighters. O'Casey, who fully supported the fight for Ireland's independence, did not, however, let himself become intoxicated by the romanticism, the high language of the rebellion; he saw the seamy side of it, the murder and the looting in Dublin during the battles. At the premiere of the play, 10 years after the tragic events, with Ireland already semi-independent, the Abbey Theatre was torn apart. Stink-bombs flew through the air, rowdies mounted the stage and proceeded to wreck the set, the police had to be called in. W.B. Yeats, who was then the theatre's director, stepped out in front of the curtain to deliver a painful speech beginning with the words "Again you disgraced yourselves..." The great poet was referring to the riots that had taken place about 20 years earlier, at the premiere of *The Playboy of the Western World* by J.M. Synge, another clear-eyed Irish playwright.

Moshe Sternfeld's set and costumes are workmanlike and pedestrian, and add nothing to the tragically poetic atmosphere of the play.

WHILE HE APPROVED of the fighters' aims, O'Casey was revolted by second-rate heroics, the play.

by second-hand oratory used for deception and self-deception. The action of *The Plough and the Stars* takes place in a Dublin slum, the characters are undernourished, undereducated working people, either lacking understanding of what goes on around them or trying to understand by mouthing hand-me-down revolutionary phrases.

The young Covey, a pipe-fitter, has a misquote from Marx ready for any occasion; his senile uncle Peter Flynn dresses up in a ridiculous uniform with a plumed hat, dragging a sword bigger than himself. And while the simple people indulge in their talk and quarrels, and go about their daily business, we see through the window a man, from his dress and accent of a higher social class, passionately orating, his words and his dramatic gestures as empty as those of his inferiors.

What we have here is a revolution seen through the back door. There are no Pearse and Casement and Connolly here, noble leaders who died for a cause, but the carpenter Fluther Good, a drunk and a whore-chaser, with a huge bottle of whiskey looted from a store wrecked by a British shell in his shaky hands. We see Nora Clitheroe, the young woman gone mad when her husband went out to fight and never came back. And there is the pub keeper going about his business as if nothing was happening, and the neighbourhood whore complaining that trade has fallen off what with all the men either fighting or in hiding.

A central figure, though not in the centre of the action, is Beagle Burgess, a fruit poddler, a glass of ale always in her hand and her voice and steps showing it, loudly and eloquently cursing the fighters, the leaders, the British, exposing all the foolishness of the rebellion.

THE TROUBLE with showing an O'Casey play in Hebrew — or in any other translation, I suppose, — is that one of the most important ingredients is missing: that wonderful language O'Casey shares with other Irish writers, those musical cadences, those unexpected turns of poetic phrase which sound so natural in the mouths of simple people. (It is no accident that, Shakespeare apart, English drama over the centuries is a splendid succession of Irishmen such as Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Synge, O'Casey and Shaw.) Last summer, on a visit to Ireland, much of which I spent in those marvellous Dublin pubs, I found that everybody there spoke as if he had learned English by reading Joyce and O'Casey.

Hillel Mittelpunkt's translation is all right, and presents no difficulties for the actors, but it made me think of Robert Frost's famous definition of poetry as what gets lost in translation.

Oded Kotler's direction is energetic and well detailed, slow in the first part, gaining speed in the second, full of moving scenes when the play comes to its dramatic denouement, with all those dead bodies on and off stage. The acting runs from indifferent to very good, with Ruth Segal as Beagle Burgess by far the most effective. And with Nathan Meisler as the drunken Fluther Good, and Tehia Shmuell in the episode part of the Daughter of the Digs, as the Irish call it.

Moshe Sternfeld's set and costumes are workmanlike and pedestrian, and add nothing to the tragically poetic atmosphere of the play.

WHILE HE APPROVED of the fighters' aims, O'Casey was revolted by second-rate heroics, the play.

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לקראת חג האילנות

THINGS ARE BOUND to happen when Aunt Ilka appears on our doorstep with a large wicker basket pressed to her bosom, and says:

Catastrophe

Ephraim Kishon

"Darlings! How kind of you to remember my birthday! Such a sweet letter! You're too good to me!"

We didn't quite know what to say. We both knew for a fact that we hadn't written any letters lately, much less sweet ones. Birthday? What birthday? We smiled back at her anyway and said:

"Don't mention it, Auntie, it's nothing."

"No, no," she insisted, "you made me so happy, I said to myself: I must do something for those two angels."

"Come now, Auntie..."

"And I can't afford to buy you a big present, a lonely old woman like me, so I brought you this" — and Aunt Ilka lifted a ball of fluff out of her basket.

A kitten.

We stood there like Lot's wife at the moment she turned into raw potash. I mean, a bar of chocolate — all right. A Sadat-in-Jerusalem album — I'd understand. But a kitten? Who needs a kitten? We're not starting a zoo, for heaven's sake. What'll we do with a week-old kitten, cute as it may be?

"No, Auntie," I said, "please, we can't accept such a handsome gift. It's too great a sacrifice for you."

BUT AUNT Ilka wouldn't listen. She said we deserved a kitten, and a kitten we should have. We endured warily after its gender and were assured that of course it was

a male, and his name was Hercules.

So Hercules joined our household and started growing and spreading in all directions, like a stain on the ceiling. He was an amiable sort of cat, was Hercules, fond of the whole human race and ready to spring onto the nearest lap and start purring like a happy oil-stove.

It did occur to us that as long as we had a cat, we might as well make him catch mice. He seemed to need a bit of prompting, though, so one day we put a real live mouse before Hercules to wake his dormant instincts. But he threw a nervous fit and slunk under the bed. Ergo, a wild cat he was not.

There was something else he was not.

"Listen," I said to the little woman one day, "I'm sure you're overfeeding the animal. He's getting much too fat."

My wife agreed, and put him on a diet, but it didn't appear to make any difference.

"Good Lord!" the little one pointed out some days later, "Hercules is pregnant."

Aunt Ilka! Aunt Ilka had said she was a Tom, and now it turned out he was a Jane. I went round swearing under my breath for the rest of the day, then reverted to my own philosophical self — water under the bridge, split milk

and all. What's more, the little woman's maternal instincts were roused, and she went and put a laundry basket in a corner of the kitchen and lined it with cat-nipples. She was definitely looking forward to the blessed event.

"Two darling kittens," she would whisper dreamily, "one white and one spotted."

AND THEN — catastrophe.

One morning we approached the basket on a routine inspection, and nearly fainted. Seven. Hercules had given birth to seven kittens.

They were very cute kittens, to be sure, both white and spotted, but they were as numerous as the sands on the seashore. Needless to say, we now had a fearful problem on our hands. We didn't intend to start a zoo, as mentioned, but neither did we have the heart just to wring the little ones' necks in cold blood.

Luckily I had a brainwave.

"Know what?" I said to the little woman. "Let's give them away as presents."

"Right," she said, "but with what excuse?"

"Oh, I don't know. As thanks for a birthday letter or something."

Next day we linked arms with a large wicker basket and dropped in on the Pashoots. My wife went all effusive thanking Mrs. Pashoot for her great kindness towards us, and then I produced the kitten.

"No," breathed Mrs. Pashoot. "you shouldn't... I can't... you

mustn't..."

But her protests fell on deaf ears. We assured Mrs. Pashoot that the kitten was a male named Romeo, said goodbye and went home with a song in our hearts.

TALK OF counting chickens. Next morning I hear a funny scratching sound at the door. I open it — and there is Hercules with Romeo in her teeth. Hercules' mother heart had ached like Hagar's for Ishmael, and she had gone and smuggled her son away out of the wilderness.

We were back to square one.

All that day, Hercules stayed in the basket suckling her seven babies, looking very smug if you ask me, and making me feel more and more determined not to let myself be outsmarted by a bloody cat, Tom or Jane. At sundown, therefore, I picked up the strongest-looking specimen and took him for a bus-ride. To make it short: I got off that bus minus one kitten.

And then we were six.

We remained six for two whole days, and on the third I heard the wife counting in the kitchen, as follows:

"One - two - three - four - five - six - seven!"

I felt giddy. I mean I, too, have heard those tales about the wonderful maternal instinct, but that a plain mother cat should go to the central bus station and pick up her son at the lost luggage department — no, that was too much!

I threw a distraught glance at the cats' cradle, and realized that the answer was much simpler: the seventh baby was a foundling

— a perfectly new, chocolate-brown stepson.

I could guess what had happened. Hercules had acted like the Red Army, Liberator of Down-trodden Nations, which cares nothing about the identity of its captives so long as their number is right. If one of your prisoners escapes, you simply go and pick up the first passer-by to make up your quota.

THE SITUATION looked pretty bleak, especially as the kittens grow fast, and it got so we couldn't sit down on any chair in the house without producing a loud screech from under us.

Which is when I had my second brainwave.

"We'll return the present to Aunt Ilka," I said, "as a token of affection and gratitude."

"Return the lot, you mean?"

"No. Just Hercules."

Which we did. We hugged Auntie, congratulated her on looking so well, and presented her with Hercules. I have a moving description of the way Hercules had been pining for her. He had positively been meowing his heart out, I said. Hercules obligingly sprang onto Ilka's lap and started purring, since after all Aunt Ilka, too, belongs to the human race. Aunt Ilka's heart duly melted. She welcomed the prodigal son, and we said goodbye and left.

That was last Wednesday.

Two kittens vanished on Thursday, three on Friday, and by Sunday there were none left. Human ingenuity had once more prevailed over brutal nature.

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."



On the cheap

MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

PERHAPS THE MOST sensitive appendage we humans possess is our pocketbook.

Only a few weeks ago, a colleague who goes out about once a year upbraided me for writing about an excellent meal at what she considered an expensive restaurant. What I did find curious was that a description of a clearly mediocre meal, costing about the same price, produced no such reaction. (Maybe I'm permitted to eat in more costly establishments as long as I don't enjoy it too much.)

More telling was a postcard from a reader in, of all places, Migdal Ha'emek, pleading with me to stop writing about dishes that call for expensive ingredients. Frankly, after my last excursion through the market, I don't know if there are any inexpensive foods left at all, but I shall try to please both my thrifty reader and my disapproving colleague.

In an effort to eat cheaply, I visited one of the more "popular" restaurants in Tel Aviv's Yemite quarter, Kerem Hatamanim. The establishment, known variously as Gamliel and Finat Hakarem, is located at 38 Rehov Hakovshim.

The interior, decorated with rococo furnishings, live plants and an assortment of statuary, was busy and noisy. Electric heaters kept the place warm.

AS IN MANY such establishments, the menu was filled with tempting and unusual dishes, but the most interesting were not available. We finally chose to begin with an eggplant and tomato salad and a piece of cauliflower fried in batter, both of which were very good.

To supplement these, we also tried a stuffed onion and a stuffed pepper. The former was well prepared and tasty, with a fine rich sauce; the latter rather unhappy looking and dull in flavour, with the rice barely cooked.

For the main course, we would have liked to try the roast lamb, a dish which had been highly recommended. Unfortunately this was not available. The same was true of the ox's testicles.

We settled for shishlik, which did have the distinction of being made from lamb, rather than beef or turkey, and brains. The latter had been dipped in matza meal and then grilled, giving a dry, heavy coating. The chips that came with this were good and the salad fresh.

In the absence of any dessert that sounded at all interesting, we decided to call it a day and have coffee elsewhere. The bill, including beer and soft drinks, came to IL220.

ANOTHER EXCURSION into the realm of moderately-priced restaurants was to a popular Jerusalem eating place, Rama, at 34 Rehov Agrippas. Although it is much like many "Oriental" restaurants, this particular one has the distinction of being open fairly late in the evening.

The main thing that strikes is the cleanliness. The few tables were practically all filled, but the service was fast and diners tended to eat quickly and not to tarry.

Because it was a cold Jerusalem winter evening, we both began with soup. I tried the meat soup, a thick, heavily spiced, curried affair. My companion had the bean soup, which was mild and smooth. Although good, it was, if anything, a little under-seasoned.

I continued with the shishlik which, as the menu clearly indicated, was made from turkey. I had no complaints, if no special praise either. My companion, being not very hungry, ordered the stuffed eggplant and found it rather insipid.

On the other hand, the chips that came with the shishlik were excellent and the salad we had with both dishes was fresh and tasty.

I have noticed that these accompaniments frequently are better prepared and tastier than in the more pretentious dining spots, where the chips may well come from the freezer and the salad sits around for hours.

The coffee was good and the tea as good as the teabag. The bill, including soft drinks, came to IL182. Both restaurants have Kashrut certificates.

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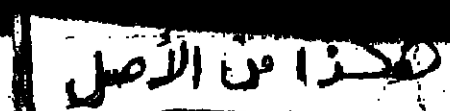
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BUN ON THE RUN

ON THE TOWN / Jennifer Arenstein

AMERICAN-TYPE hamburgers are selling like hotcakes around the world, with U.S. fast-food chains booming from Bonn to Teheran, and from Rome to Tokyo.

So what do Americans and others addicted to burgers do in Israel when they feel that familiar craving for a fix of low, cheap, mass-produced junk food on a bun?

In Tel Aviv there are ways to satisfy the urge, and without doing something excessively unhealthy, such as consuming a lot of grease or food additives. Thanks to some fledgling fast-food chains and a few good restaurants, one can get a decent burger reminiscent of the U.S. original — and it won't even cost too much.

The Burger Ranch is the pioneer of Western-style fast-food chains in Tel Aviv, established by Barry Scope and Ron Lapid,

who immigrated to Israel from South Africa in 1988.

Today there are two Burger Ranches in operation. The first, at 21 Rehov Ben Yehuda, opposite the El Al building, opened in 1972. The Rehov Ibn Gvirol restaurant, at the corner of Frischmann, opened in 1978. In between, several franchises closed during the last war, or because of failure to meet the standards set by Scope and Lapid.

Despite the setbacks, the owners estimate that they have served about a million hamburgers so far.

Both Burger Ranches are take-out establishments, but the Ibn Gvirol restaurant now provides an upstairs dining area, which is a pleasantly quiet corner overlooking the bustle of Kikar Melehei Yisrael.

THE BURGERS are a standard 100 grams, and all beef. The meat is

chopped and formed into patties by the Mirza company, according to Burger Ranch specifications brought from South Africa. It remains deep frozen until minutes before the customer receives it. The Burger Ranch does not claim to be kosher.

The fat content is kept at a minimum. A certain level of fat is necessary for moistness, to keep the burger from crumbling, and for flavour, but the fat content never exceeds 20 per cent, Scope says.

The rolls and French fries are also specially prepared for Burger Ranch. The roll is more airy and fluffier than the usual Israeli product, and the chips are "crinkle-cut" for them by Tapu-Gan.

The cooking method allows for both speed and good taste. There is no greasy plate as in many local grilles. The hamburgers are placed on racks, where the heat reaches them through long-burning ceramic blocks. The fat drips from the cooking meat, hits the blocks and turns to smoke, causing a charcoal-broiled flavour and aroma.

The prices at Burger Ranch are the cheapest for any burgers of similar quality in Tel Aviv. The regular Ranchburger costs IL28, the double-sized burger costs IL32. A cheeseburger is IL20. These burgers feature original Burger Ranch sauces — a barbecue sauce, and a Thousand Island typo sauce. A specialty at Burger Ranch is the Spanish Burger, served with marinated onion, pickled cucumber, and taco sauce, for IL20.

MACDAVID'S opened in April, 1978, and although a much newer

enterprise on the scene than Burger Ranch, it has quickly become known due to the obvious association of its name with MacDonald's, the huge American chain which has recently taken over David Magen and his two partners to court for infringing on their name.

The result of the trial, pending appeal, is that MacDavid's must connect the "Mac" with the "David" in their name wherever it appears, and take the "Big Mac" off the menu, presumably to replace it with the "MacDavid." This is because the "Mac" is the unchangeable part of the registered trade-mark.

MacDavid's has also profited from its central location, on Rehov Frischmann at the corner of Dizengoff.

The hamburgers are good, and similar in size, quality, and price to those at Burger Ranch. The cooking method is quite similar to the one used at Burger Ranch, and MacDavid's also is not kosher.

The basic hamburger at MacDavid's, served with their original sauces, costs IL20. For IL23, one can order a cheeseburger, mushroom burger, or a Spanish burger, which seems to be a copy of the burger of the same name at Burger Ranch.

MacDavid's also offers an "Able" burger with fried onions, named for an item served at Able Nathan's former restaurant, and a burger with hot sauce.

The Big MacDavid, a double-size burger, costs IL30, or IL33 with cheese.

MacDavid's orders all-beef patties prepared according to its own specifications. As at Burger Ranch, the defrosting process is

timed so that no meat is out of the deep freeze for more than half an hour before serving.

FOR THOSE who wish to eat more and pay for it, and enjoy a more decorative atmosphere, there are four western-style restaurants in Tel Aviv which include hamburgers among their specialties.

The Safari restaurants appear at several locations, including Kikar Namir (Atarim), and in Herzliya Pituah. They are not kosher, even serving pork chops and spare ribs.

Brian Laden, the South African owner, and his partners are clearly interested in serving high quality meat, and in giving value for money.

At the Safari in Kikar Namir, a Safari-burger of 120 grams costs IL55 and includes unlimited access to an appetizing salad bar of 12 salads, as well as French fries or baked potato. The salad bar also features an original Safari ketchup sauce or mustard sauce.

The rolls are the typical Israeli Hallah-type round rolls, but they are well-suited to the size and shape of the burgers.

The Safari restaurants have devised a special cooking system for their generous-sized burger.

The burger is first cooked comparatively slowly on a hot-plate, then transferred to an open steak grill to make the exterior black and crisp.

The Safari at Kikar Namir offers, in addition, a take-away hamburger for IL30, which is the exact same burger served inside the restaurant.

One may eat this at tables outside, when there are five salads to

choose from. Chips are not included. Most Tel Avivians are well acquainted with the American-style food and ambience at Mandy's Drug Store, at 206 Dizengoff, corner Alorozoff. Here the choice of "he-man" burgers includes cheese-and-bacon, mushroom, egg-and-cheese, and any combination of these.

THE BURGERS weigh in at 230-250 grams, the price is IL60, which includes chips, baked potato, or a substitute side dish, and a lettuce-salad bar.

The hamburgers are cooked over real charcoal, perhaps advantageous for the flavour, but frequently ineffective in reaching the centre of the huge burger, which tends to remain red even when ordered well-done.

Similar burgers are available at Mandy's Candy Store/Little Tel Aviv, at the northern end of Rehov Hayarkon.

THE B.B.C. (Bernie's Bottle Club) is the place, especially during the evening hours, for some drinks, loud talking, joking with Bernie and the regulars, and incidentally, a really good hamburger.

The regulars at Bernie's, at 231 Rehov Ben-Yehuda, are U.S. Marines, Sinal Field Mission employees, and UN soldiers who are adrift in the Holy Land and looking for beer, cheer, and wholesome food.

Bernie is Bernice Jacobson, who immigrated to Israel with her husband Bob in 1965, and acquired the first independent bar licence in Tel Aviv, with which they opened the Cock's Tail on Dizengoff, now under new ownership.

The "steakburgers" are excellent, 120 grams (or double for the jumbo, very popular with the UN crowd), and go for IL44, side dishes not included. The cheeseburger costs IL46.

A real treat at Bernie's are the milkshakes. They're just the right consistency (if you want to eat it with a spoon, you'd better request extra-thick), and made with ice cream which is about the best in Tel Aviv, from the Gildaria. Shakes cost IL35.

READERS and potential eaters will note that all of the burgers above have one thing in common: they're not kosher. We made every effort to find a kosher fast-food feed on a bun in Tel Aviv, and we have to admit that our efforts weren't very rewarding. The Golden Chicken, at 1 Rehov David Hamelech, corner of Ibn Gvirol (near city hall), puts out a rather unspecial 125-gram burger for IL21 which they claim is kosher, but in fact the establishment as yet has no kaashrut certificate, so caveat to kosher eaters.

Otherwise, kaashrut-observers with the craving are advised to try the major hotel coffee shops and grills, such as those at the Hilton, Dan or Sheraton. Burgers there run in the IL80 to IL90 range, plus tax and service, but quality is good. The Miami ambience is thrown in free.

It should be noted that Jerusalem has at least one certified kosher hamburger haven, Uncle Sam's, on King George Street right next door to the popular Riche's pizza parlour. Sam's basic burger costs IL20, and some egg and other fixin' varieties are also available. Not bad, but very heavy on the bun. □



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ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IL36 per line plus VAT; insertion every Friday costs IL130 per line plus VAT, per month. Copy accepted at offices of the Jerusalem Post and all recognized advertising agents.

Jerusalem MUSEUMS Israel Museum Exhibitions: From the archaeological collections of the museum. Objects of various periods and materials not ordinarily on display...

GALLERIES Galerie Vignon Nouvelle, Khutsot Hayotzer, Y.S. Hamaicho. Original prints. Tel. 03-919254, 285031. Due to popular demand, exhibition by artist Shmuel Haruzi...

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MUSEUMS Visit the Haifa museums: Ancient and Modern Art, 28 Rehov Shabatli Levi, Tel. 032255-5. National Maritime, Tel. 032622. Illegal Immigration, Tel. 036219. Music, Tel. 044480. Japanese Art, Tel. 83061. Mane Katz, Tel. 83482. Dagon Grain Collection, Tel. 064221. Artists' House, Tel. 022255.

GALLERIES The Place, 10 Heinrich Heine St. Exhibition of Burlap and Rope by Dan Levine. Opening Saturday, Jan. 27, 1979, 11 a.m. - 6 p.m. Open every day except Friday, 8-8 p.m.; Saturday, 8-8.30 p.m.

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REPORT SUSPICIOUS OBJECTS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

GALLERY TALK CHIAROSCURO - Meira Perry-Lehman (In Hebrew) Tuesday 6.2 at 7.15 p.m.

FILM "MAN IN THE EIFFEL TOWER" (England 1949). Dir: B. Mercedith. With: Charles Laughton. Fully subtitled. Tuesday 6.2 at 8 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH Film: "LAD THE DOG". (USA). Subtitled. Thursday 8.2 at 3.30 p.m.

SPECIAL ACTIVITY Improvisations on percussion instruments, led by Mme. Laary. Wednesday afternoon, 9.2, from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. at the Ruth Youth Wing. For children aged 7-12.

THE CONCERT ON 10.2 WITH PETER BREE IS CANCELLED. In its place there will be a performance by Julian Chagrin, the "Silent Comedian" from Britain, at 8.30 p.m.

ADULT CLASSES Registration for Session 2 begins February 4 at the Ruth Young Wing office, Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-12 noon, 2-4 p.m. Fee: IL900.

VISITING HOURS: Israel Museum: S.M.W.Th. 10-6.00/Tues. 4-10 p.m./Fri. and Sat 10-2 p.m.

Shrine of the Book & Billy Rose Garden: same as Museum except Tues. 10-10 p.m. Rockefeller Museum: Sun-Thurs. 10-5/Fri. and Sat. 10-2.00 p.m.

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israel film archive - jerusalem. 2.3 11.00 Omasova - Fellini. 3.3 18.00 The Night Porter - Cavani. 3.3 21.00 The Innocent - Vicoanti. 5.3 18.00 Retrospectivity - Short films of Lumiere, Melles, etc. 5.3 21.30 Salvatore Giuliano - Francesco Rosi. 7.2 19.00 A Brief Vacation - De Sica. 7.2 21.30 Ludwig - Visconti. 8.2 18.00 Oh, Berolina - Lattuada. 8.2 21.30 The Seduction of Mimi - Wertmuller.

Boosting the birth rate

MEDIA WEEK Nechamah Golomb

LARGE FAMILIES are the subject of this month's Law of the Day (TV, Monday, 21.30). A bill has been introduced in the Knesset by Alignment MKs which, if passed, will give families with four or more children certain financial benefits...

Should the State encourage a higher birth rate? What will the repercussions of a non-selective increase in the birthrate be? Why shouldn't the law also apply to the Arab sector? These and other questions will be discussed by Dr. Raphaela Bliaky of the Hebrew University's Political Science department...

On Wednesday evening (TV, 22.00), science fiction fans will have a chance to see Jean Luc Godard's 1965 award-winning film, Alphaville. Special agent Lenny Coulton, played by Eddie Constantino, crosses space to Alphaville, a town ruled by the Computer Alpha 60...

This week's English Language Drama (Radio, 1st Programme, Friday, 23.00) is Hugh Whitmore's "Stevie," starring Glenda Jackson and Mons Washbourne. It is the story of Stevie Smith, a somewhat eccentric woman, who spent most of her 60 years living with an aunt in a dreary London suburb...

One Deadly Owner is the title of the Saturday night thriller (TV, 22.00). Starring Donna Mills and Jeremy Brett, the film is about a fashion model who buys herself a Rolls-Royce and drives into hair-raising drama when the car seems to be "possessed" by the spirit of its previous owner's murdered wife.

Of course we also have all our regular series. In part two of Emile Zola ou la conscience humaine (TV, Friday, 21.20), Zola discovers that Ferdinand Esterhazy is the traitor for whose sins Dreyfus has been wrongly convicted. At first he hesitates about doing anything, but then decides to follow his conscience and reveal the truth.

On Sunday (TV, 22.00), the Trinity Tales episode is entitled "The Judy's Tale." Barmald Judy recounts how for her sake two rivals came to blows at the Trade and Labour Club Social - in the gentlemen's lavatory. The knights-errant are parted, and then resolve their differences in a series of sporting contests. "A Cry for Help" is the title of this week's episode of Upstairs Downstairs (TV, Wednesday, 20.00). One of the new house parlourmaids confides a delicate personal problem to Mr. Bellamy, but his secrecy in trying to help the girl is open to grave misinterpretation.

Backfire

BRIDGE George Levinrew

I AM SURE that we all have been in that unhappy position created when we bid one time too many. The on-again backfire allows our opponents to move from a part score to a game contract, which they then proceed to make. It seems so silly to allow the opponents to play in merely a low part-score contract. So we bid again and they explode into game. In today's deal, played at an American championship, Alan Truscott, bridge columnist of the "New York Times," playing with Larry Weiss, took advantage of that extra bid by his opponents.

West: ♠ 10 7 8 4, ♥ 7 4 3, ♦ 4, ♣ A 7 6. East (D): ♠ Q 10 6 5, ♥ K 8 6 5, ♦ Q 7, ♣ 10 8 8 3. The bidding: West 1♣, South 1♥, West 2♦, North 2♠, South 3♣, West 3♠, North 3♣, South 4♣, West 4♠, North 4♣.

The opening one diamond bid was savage, the shorter suit first, and the two diamonds by North was a forcing bid. Then North-South could have been allowed to rest in three diamonds, but West to his later regret, reopened the bidding with three hearts. This led to a re-evaluation by North. The chances were good that South had a singleton heart at most. And hopefully, if he had a high spade, five diamonds might make. So five diamonds was the bid.

The defence, in anticipation of a cue-bid by the declarer, decided to try to weaken trump by leading a diamond. This went to the club ace, the club king was played. This went to the ace and a ruff. Since West could have so little available for his raise he could very well have the spade queen. So the spade jack was finessed. It was now clear sailing for 12 tricks, with declarer losing only one heart.

There are indeed times when there is danger of backfire in allowing the bidding to be reopened. (This deal was reported by the American Contract Bridge League.)

WEEKLY DUPLICATE GAMES

- At 8.00 p.m. Ashdod - Tuesday: "Mains," Quartet "D". Ashdod - Monday: Cafe Maadan. Ashdod - Sunday: Cafe Maadan. Beer Sheva - Monday: Maki, High School. Eilat - Tuesday: Wise House. Haifa City - Monday, Thursday: Beit Hagafen. Central Carmel - Sunday, Wednesday: Beit Rothchild. Herzliya - Tuesday: Beit Abba Khoushy. Hadera - Tuesday, Thursday: "Heyehal Iphayim". Kiryat Bnei Chayim - Monday, Tuesday: Thursday, Country Club. Jerusalem - Wednesday: Diplomat Hotel. Kiryat Tivon - Tuesday: Beit Hagafen. Netanya - Monday, Thursday: "Calypso Club" near swimming pool. Netanya - Monday, Thursday: Aviv Hotel, Ushishkin and Yavneh-Halutzim. Northern Region - Thursday: Guest House, Kibbutz Ayelet Hashahar. Fardes Ramat - Sunday: Wise Club. Rehovot - Monday: Freemason Centre. Tel Aviv - Sunday: Avis Hotel. Tel Aviv - Wednesday, Thursday: Duke's Club.

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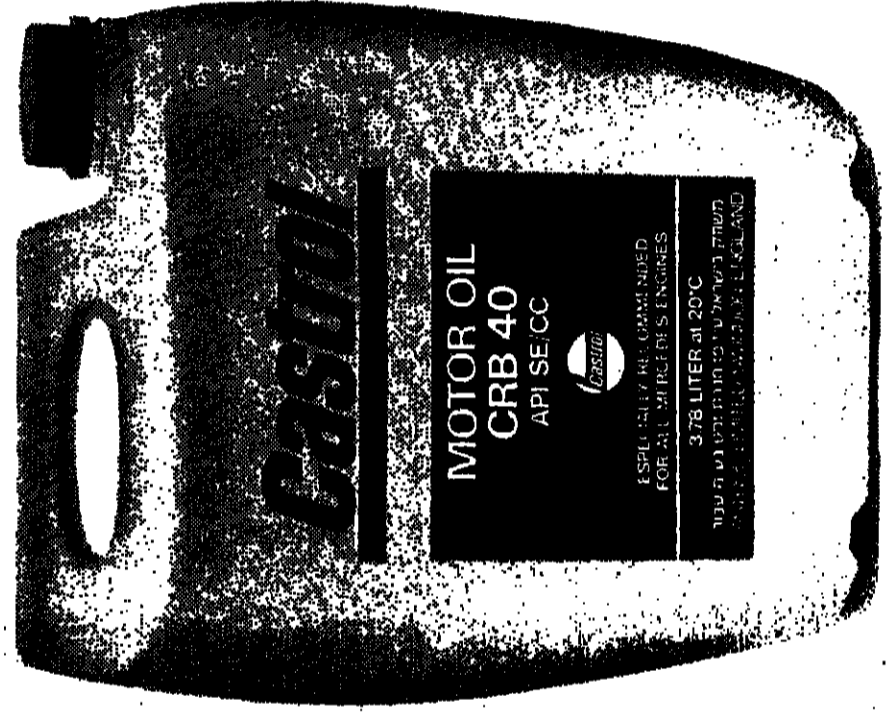
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1978



A mother (left) goes marketing in Mozambique. A San Blas Indian wife (above) smiles in the Panamanian sun. A homeless Manhattan "shopping bag lady" (below) takes cover.



فصل من الأصل

The success of the Rhodes talks was followed immediately by several countries, including Great Britain, granting Israel recognition. Australia's recognition was *de jure*; Britain, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, Chile, Switzerland and New Zealand made it *de facto*. The U.S.A. announced that it was changing the *de facto* recognition previously given to full recognition.

Jerusalem, January 29 — February 4, 1949.
The Jerusalem Post was known as the Palestine Post until 13 April, 1950

THIS FEATURE IS PRESENTED BY THE JERUSALEM POST AND BANK LEUMI LE-ISRAEL AS A SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC

EDITORIAL
Sunday, January 30, 1949
Tevet 30, 5709, Rabia' Awwal 30, 1388

The public wants to know

ONE of the first tasks of the new Government of Israel, and perhaps the most pressing of all, will be to bring down the cost of living and halt that process of inflation which is more dangerous than the war itself. It will not be easy or quick to accomplish. It may involve simultaneously stringent rationing, a limitation of profits and a freezing of wages which are bound to be unpopular, and an extensive subsidizing of food and other essential commodities, as well as even more careful scrutiny of the items on which foreign exchange is spent. It will mean austerity for all. The people will have to be called on for sacrifices no less severe, though differing in nature, than those of war. The Government should prepare the people for what will be required of them.

The Government should take the people into its confidence, and for a start it might explain how certain prices are arrived at. For example, last week Italian apples were put on the market in Jerusalem at 200 mills per kilo. There may be some good reason why scarce foreign exchange should be spent on importing an article like apples, which are not essential, especially during the citrus season. The public would like to know it. It would like to know how much was paid for the apples in Italy, and how much was added for freight, insurance and customs duties, how much for the importers' and wholesalers' profit, how much for transport to Jerusalem, and how much for the retailers' profit.

This is only a small example, but it might be used by the authorities as a first step in the economic education of a public which is anxious to learn.



King Abdullah



Dr. Bunche

Bunche asks Arabs to talk peace

RHODES, Thursday, February 3. — Invitations were sent by Dr. Bunche to the Arab States to come to Rhodes and discuss an armistice with Israel following requests from some of these States, who had asked to be "invited," I learn from a usually well-informed source. The invitations were sent on January 30.

The Lebanon has accepted Dr. Bunche's invitation to hold armistice talks with Israel and will send a delegation to Rhodes, it was reliably reported. Conversations between Tel Aviv and Beirut have been under way for more than two weeks.

Trans-Jordan has accepted. King Abdullah said: "We welcome the invitation and hope that the conference will lead to a satisfactory resolution of the Palestine case. I have been hoping that the other Arab States will cooperate with me in this meeting. Everybody must remember that the Palestinians have given me the responsibility of resolving their problems by

war or by peace — which I plan to do."

The site for the peace talks has not yet been decided. PTA reports from London that consultations took place between Britain and Trans-Jordan before the latter's acceptance of Dr. Bunche's invitation.

Britain favours an extension of the Rhodes talks, but does not believe that they will yield anything beyond an armistice.

Although Dr. Bunche considered the Security Council's November 16 resolution as a standing invitation to all Arab States, he intended other peace talks to follow the successful conclusion of an Israel-Egyptian agreement. Now he is doubtlessly using the invitation as a card against the Egyptians in order to hasten talks.

He issued the invitation to the six Arab States the same day he drafted his "Bunche Line" compromise proposals. It has been surprising only in the timing, which coincided with the climax of the present negotiations, where the outcome is still in the balance.

Mapai gets 44 seats; Mapam 18

TEL AVIV, Sunday, January 30.

Tentative election returns tonight showed that Mr. David Ben Gurion's Mapai Party obtained 44 out of the 120 seats in the Constituent Assembly, while the Mapai-affiliated Arab Democratic List of Nazareth won two seats. This will give Mapai control over 38 per cent of the Assembly, and more than two and a half times as many as their closest rivals. The total vote cast was 427,027.

Mapam, who gained in the Army poll at the expense of the United Religious Bloc, is the second largest Party with 18 seats. The Religious List is third with 16 seats and Herut fourth with 15.

The race between these parties was nip and tuck. The first returns on election night which came from rural areas had shown Mapam far ahead of the Religious and Herut lists, but the latter both gained ground in the cities and when the provisional results of the civilian vote were announced last week, Mapam trailed the United Religious List.

But the latter polled very poorly in the Army and in the final analysis, they were passed easily by Mapam and only led Herut by less than three thousand votes. The four independent Orthodox lists all failed to obtain seats for themselves, but they apparently deprived the United Religious Parties of two more seats.

ESTIMATED PARTY STANDINGS

	Number of Votes	Per Cent	Estimated Seats
Mapai	182,072	35.82	44
Mapam	63,107	14.77	18
United Religious Herut	62,633	12.35	16
General Zionists	49,220	11.52	10
Progressives	22,524	5.27	7
Sephardim	15,017	3.51	5
Communists	14,999	3.51	5
Arab Democrats	7,387	1.72	2
Fighters (L.H.Y.)	6,200	1.24	1
Yemenites	4,369	1.02	1
Wizo	4,017	0.94	1
Arab Workers	3,175	0.74	—
Revisionists	2,844	0.66	—
Orthodox	2,826	0.66	—
Arab Popular Bloc	2,704	0.6	—
Orthodox Women	2,780	0.6	—
Grunbaum	2,486	0.58	—
Orthodox Workers	1,276	—	—
Pro-Jerusalem	845	—	—
Agudists	239	—	—

Israel to play for Davis Cup

Israel is included among the five new challengers for the Davis Cup, according to a statement by the officials of the tournament, made in New York last Friday, when it was disclosed that 26 countries have entered for this year's

tourney. The entries are due to be finally closed this week. Four countries have entered in the North American zone and 22 in the European zone for the trophy now held by the U.S.

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AFTER SEVERAL years during which its continued existence was in some doubt, the WUJS (World Union of Jewish Students) Institute at Arad seems at last to have established itself on a more secure footing. Attendances at its courses have been rising steadily, and no fewer than 90 students enrolled in the session that opened in October, by far the greatest number for several years. But there is still a question mark hanging over the Institute's effectiveness as an aliyah instrument.

The WUJS programme is open to young English-speaking Jewish graduates and professionals who are prepared to commit themselves to a minimum of a year's stay in Israel. The first six months are spent at Arad, where students attend an ulpan and courses in Jewish studies that cover various aspects of Judaism, Jewish and Zionist history, and Israeli society.

At the end of six months, the students leave Arad to work for the rest of the year in their professions. An employment officer is available at the Institute to help them find suitable jobs.

Shelley Shreter, director of the Institute for the past three years, would not measure the success of his programme solely in terms of the amount of aliyah it generates.

"Of course aliyah is a priority," he said, "but you shouldn't discount the majority of students who return to their countries of origin. Many of our past students have been motivated to become more active in their local Jewish communities. To give just two examples, the present head of public relations in the Joint Israel Appeal in London and the director of the San Fernando Valley Jewish Welfare Association in California were both WUJS students.

"And even if our former graduates don't get involved on a communal level, their participation in the programme at a vital stage of their development, plus the fact that they have spent a year in Israel, can have a profound effect on their lives as Jews."

But Shreter conceded that the primary purpose of the World Zionist Organization aliyah department's financial involvement in the Institute, amounting in the current financial year to \$1,500,000, is to produce new immigrants.

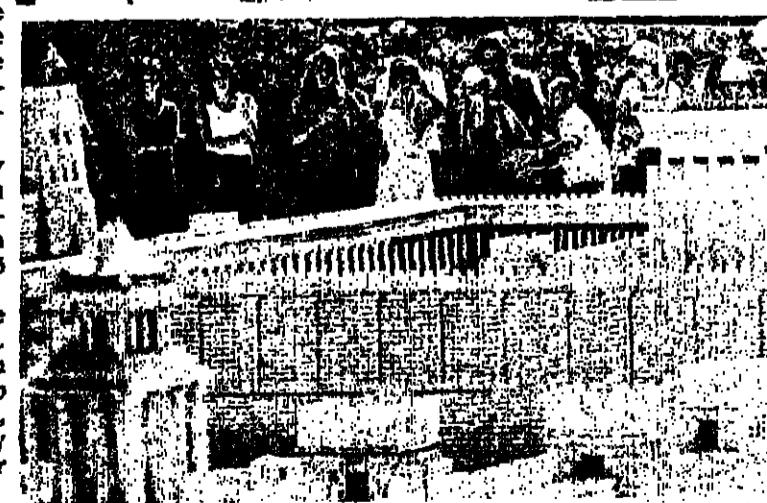
"It's difficult to measure just how far the Institute is subsidized by the WZO," said Shreter. "That \$1,500,000 represents 50 to 60 per cent of our actual needs; the rest comes from student fees. But then you also have to reckon that we are using the Arad Absorption Centre free of charge, that the aliyah department pays for the students' meals and that the Ministry of Education pays the teachers' salaries. I have no idea how much all this comes to. On the other hand, the building is standing here anyway and would have to be maintained even if we weren't here, at a time when there is certainly not a flood of immigration pouring into the country."

Shreter admits that many students join the programme with the intention of enjoying an interesting year in Israel and then returning home. In fact, about 85 per cent do that.

"But this isn't anything to be ashamed of," Shreter maintains. "And happily, thanks to human unpredictability, often those who intended to return end up staying, while those who wanted to stay don't make it for one reason or another and eventually leave."

A gateway to aliya

ALAN ELSNER visits the WUJS Institute at Arad and hears how it is progressing in its main purpose, which is to expose young English-speaking graduates to Israel, in the hope that some will settle here.



Besides, he points out, the statistics don't give the full picture.

"Many WUJS students leave Israel to continue their education or acquire a profession or save money, and eventually come back as immigrants. Some can only decide on whether to settle here after they have returned home. In both cases, WUJS should take the credit but doesn't."

SPEAKING with some of the students, one quickly perceives the great variety of motives that brought them to Israel in general and Arad in particular.

Joyce Stone, 22, from Boston, originally intended to stay just for a year, but now is not sure. "If I find a good job, I won't leave it so quickly," she said. Joyce has visited Israel twice before, once on the Hebrew University's summer ulpan.

"I was thinking about aliya, and the WUJS programme is enticing if you're not sure. I was also attracted to Arad as a small town where I might get to know Israelis. After all, you can't learn Hebrew in Jerusalem, can you?" Laurence Glasier, 28, a Rhodesian educated at Cambridge University, was attracted to Arad because it sounded like a place where he could find friends with a similar background to his own.

He is himself a computer programmer. He doesn't anticipate any problems over finding a job and he intends to stay. "The friends I have made here will help me get through the difficulties of adjustment to Israeli society."

Dov Kesten, 27, is a labour organizer from Los Angeles. "If I like it here, I'll stay. If not I'll go back," he declared. "So far I love it. The ulpan is good and the Jewish studies give me a chance to learn more about Israeli society. But whether I stay or not depends on the job I find."

Veta Glasman, 22, from London, came because she heard that the ulpan was good. A teacher by profession, she wanted to work in Israel for a time before deciding about aliya. "Arad gives me that option," she said.

Dena Krasnopoler, 23, from Pittsburgh came because she wanted a break before continuing in her career. "I have just finished my master's in business administration and if I had started a job, it would have been very difficult to get away for a year. When I arrived here, my intention was to have an interesting year and then go back. I still intend to go back, but I am more open to the possibility of staying for longer than a year or of returning some time in the future."

THE ULTIMATE decision about whether to stay depends on the kind of work experiences that the students undergo after they have left Arad.

"The problem is that so many of our students hold degrees in the humanities or social sciences," says Gabi Arad, the Institute's employment officer. "They would probably have difficulties finding work in their home countries, but here they have the additional disadvantages of limited command of the language, and the fact that they are often only willing to commit themselves for a limited period.... The teachers and social workers, the medics and paramedics, the engineers or computer programmers don't really have any difficulty in finding jobs."

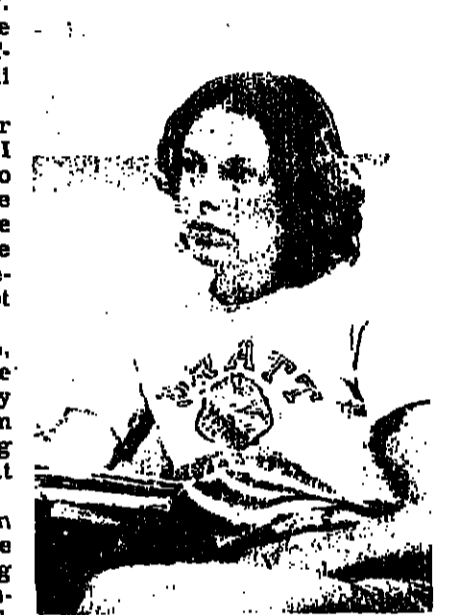
Just over 50 per cent of the students find jobs which Gabi classifies as "professional." Of the rest, the largest group (14 per

cent) join the national service programme, *Shervut La'am*, and work as volunteers in development towns. Then there are four more groups of about equal size (6-8 per cent): students who have gone on to work as volunteers on kibbutzim or moshavim; those who have enrolled in professional retraining schemes; those who have continued their studies, either at university or at yeshiva; and finally, those who have left Israel without even completing their year.

But Gabi is encouraged by two factors. "The percentage who stay does seem to be rising. Thirty of the 59 students who enrolled in October 1977 are still here. And we are having success in directing people into professional retraining schemes. There are 10 currently on the Tel Aviv University course for social work alone."

Two students who arrived in Arad in October 1977 and so have just recently completed a full year's programme are both now settled in Beersheba. Ralph Schiller, 27, from Philadelphia is working there in his profession as a family nurse practitioner; Gill Elson, 25, from London, is teaching English in a primary school in Dimona. How do they look back on their year?

"I had been in Israel four times before and so I knew that this time I had to make a decision one way or the other," said Ralph. "Arad seemed to offer the best possible



means of making a serious effort. First of all, the ulpan was good. Second, the employment service was helpful. Third and most important were the friends I made. The fact that we shared a common experience meant that we were ready to support each other after we left the Institute. I would recommend the programme."

"There were very clearly some people who were there to stay and some there for the experience," said Gill. "Unfortunately, WUJS is perfect for people searching for their Jewish identity, and that kind of thing. They can have a nice soul-searching year and then go back home. This difference was also reflected in peoples' attitudes to Hebrew studies. The ones who intended to stay were interested in progressing as fast as possible. The others were often more devoted students of the Jewish studies courses. I personally don't think that anybody's intentions were changed, though some people are staying longer than they had originally planned." □

Alan Elsner, a free-lance journalist living in Jerusalem, formerly edited the "Israel Digest."

بیتنا من الأصل

TO PARAPHRASE Victor Herbert, "I had a very strange feeling I'd never felt before, a kind of a grind of depression" while watching Israel TV's *That's My Secret* a week ago.

It's very rarely that we're given an opportunity to witness such a sustained example of impeccable bad taste, but this time Tuvya Sufir and the panel surpassed themselves.

The first guest, a razor-thin Bedouin, confronted Messrs. Almog, Tavor and Timor who made valiant attempts to guess his occupation. He was, in fact, the much-publicized "first Beduin doctor." Yunis Abu Rabieh, and they really should have recognized him in the first place, but what sickened me was the unconscionable assumption of superiority shown by the programme's producers in their choice, a superiority which was reflected in the questions the panel put to Dr. Abu Rabieh.

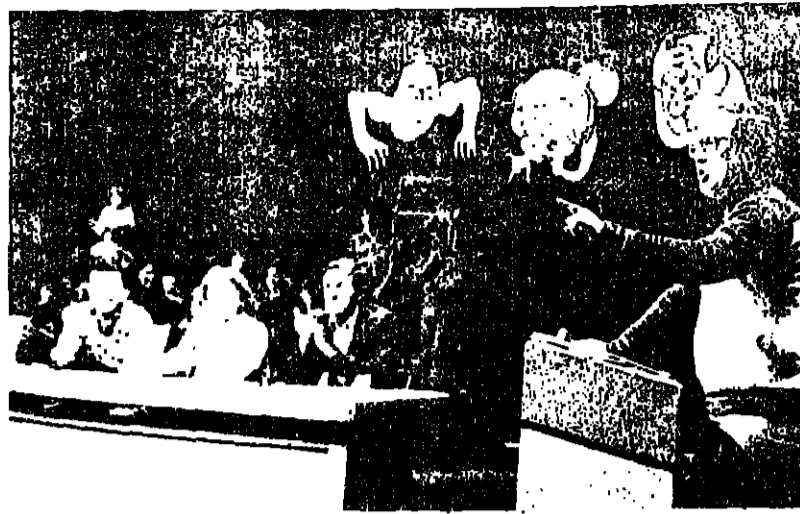
It was as if they were all in agreement that no one would ever guess that this lowly Arab nomad could be a member of an exalted profession. This was not only insulting to the doctor, but also to the memory of Al Rhazi, Avicenna and the historic Arab contribution to medicine. Next time, Tuvya might bring the Lebanese Dr. Michael DeBakey, the world's greatest cardiac surgeon, over from Houston to let the panel guess that he sells pitta or washes cars.

Next, the panel was invited to guess which of three men had been an economic policeman during the Austerity period of the mid-1950s. One of them was more or less dismissed from their calculations from the start. He was clearly subject to forgetfulness and so dull-eyed that I was reminded of a letter I saw recently in the *Daily Mirror*: A Mrs. D. White, of Huntingdon, wrote to say that on her granddaughter's fifth birthday the child had gone into her parents' bedroom at 5:45 a.m. She lifted her mother's eyelid and said: "Are you in there? Because I am out here all by myself being five."

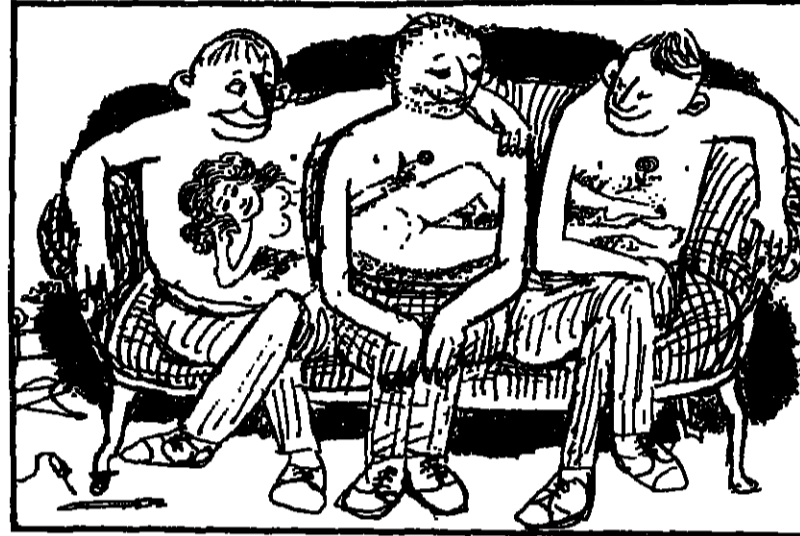
Of course, the dull-eyed, forgetful one turned out to be the real economic policeman. We were then treated to a filmed interview in which he babbled away against a background of idiotic gurgles, chortles and guffaws which someone had synchronized into the sound-track.

But the best was yet to come. A tattooist was the next guest and after we were shown how he worked he rattled on about the most artistic examples of his craft. Some of the subjects' skins are sold to collectors after they die, he told the audience. They are easily dried and then can be framed, and "they are *yofi*, really beautiful," he enthused.

TATTOOED BRICK



Tuvya and the panel. (Below) Cartoon by André François, from "Lilliput," 1951.



WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

This ghoulsh fervour didn't elicit a single protest from the moderator, the panel or the audience which was composed largely of the relatives of those who were murdered in the Holocaust. It was clear that all of them had long since forgotten Ilse Koch, the Bitch of Buchenwald, who collected the skins of tattooed prisoners for *yofi* lampshades and other *objets d'art*.

THE INSOUCIANCE of the devisers of *That's My Secret* insults both the subject and the audience but, in the last resort, their insults are accidental by-products of the series.

The truly creative insult is a horse of another colour, for there's nothing accidental about it. A minor art form, the product of a razor-sharp wit, can only evoke admiration from the rest of us dullards who usually think of a

suitable reply only after we have left the scene — the faculty the French refer to derisively as *l'esprit de l'escalier*. The House of Commons in the 18th century was famous for this brand of rapid-fire repartees, many examples of which have been collected in Nancy McPhee's *The Book of Insults* (St. Martin's, \$8.95). Sheridan's put-down of the Earl of Dundas, "The Right Honourable Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts," shows the same sparkling imagination which calvened his plays.

John Wilkes's witty retort to the Earl of Sandwich, who had confessed that he did not know whether the editor of the *North Briton* would die on the gallows or of the pox, is legendary. "That depends, my Lord," Wilkes told the nobleman, "whether I em-

brace your principles or your mis-
trust."

Abraham Lincoln's insults were of the laconic variety. "My dear McClellan," he wrote to the over-cautious commander-in-chief, "If you don't want to use the army I should like to borrow it for a while. Yours respectfully."

Disraeli continued the great tradition, disposing of Gladstone with admirable economy. "He has not a single redeeming defect," Dizzy said, anticipating Oscar Wilde's style by several decades.

Latter-day examples are based on the bludgeon rather than the rapier, with a few notable exceptions. Churchill excelled in sword-play of this genre. "Winston," Lady Astor once declared "if you were my husband, I should flavour your coffee with poison."

"Madam," he replied with elaborate courtesy, "if I were your husband, I should drink it."

When Al Smith was campaigning against Roosevelt, a heckler invited him to "tell 'em all you know; Al. It won't take you long." Al agreed, with one demurrer. "If I tell 'em all we both know," he told him, "it won't take me any longer."

Huey Long, the governor of Louisiana, flailed away with semantics when he came to put the kibosh on the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. "When I call him an s.o.b.," Huey explained helpfully, "I am not using profanity but referring to the circumstances of his birth."

SAVOIR-FAIRE is a fairly rare quality. One example of it in action is unforgettable. Phil May, the outstandingly gifted Edwardian artist whose drawings in *The Punch* have never been surpassed for sheer draughtsmanship, was a dedicated drinker, and one morning he awoke to find himself lying in a Covent Garden gutter.

Phil removed the cabbage-leaves from his person and staggered off to the nearest post office where he composed this thoughtful telegram to his wife: "DID NOT COME HOME LAST NIGHT."

Most of us, however, products of the School of Hard Knocks and the University of Life, in Keith Waterhouse's phrase, are deficient in the social graces and some of us are physically awkward into the bargain; where others may be ambidextrous, we are, so to say, ambi-clumy, walking in the furniture and dropping the crockery. But the real bane of our lives is social maladroitness. I tend to behave obscenously to waiters and placate them with exaggerated tips. I have no idea how to handle questions like "What are you doing on the 23rd?" and get a terrible sinking feeling when a hostess drags me into a packed room shrieking, "Now who don't you

know?" Not only do I forget names (putting me in the bouillon when the time to make introductions arrives) but I don't know how to handle things when people get my name wrong.

I often feel vaguely guilty for not being whoever it is I've mistaken for and sometimes I get so apologetic for *their* gaffe that I'm on the verge of admitting the wrong identity so as to spare them embarrassment. Americans with their switched-on wares and instant first-hand camaraderie, only make me feel worse.

A really incurable form of the disease was easily diagnosed by letter to the editor published a couple of months ago in a British newspaper. A Mrs. Ashton, Aberly, told how she had wondered what she'd do if she came across a burglar while she was alone in the house, and she knew, "One night," she wrote, "I got out of bed and stumbled into somebody in the darkened hall. I'm terribly sorry," I said.

Part of the difficulties which crop up between host and guest due to the ambiguity of the social signals. People simply fail to detect the note of warning inherent in the obligatory "Don't go yet routine, which may be further obscured by a veil of alcohol. Centerprising London firm has marketed a poster which proclaims "Weekend guests: Please stop to drinking on Sunday afternoon and start insisting you are over till Tuesday, please remember we don't mean it."

Foreigners, in particular, don't always realize that there is a world of difference between "You come to tea on Thursday" (Can you come to tea on Thursday) and "You must come to some time" (merely a polite no-see).

A COMPETITION in the *New Statesman* once invited readers to give misleading advice to foreigners visiting Britain for the first time. Among the winning entries were:

"Try the famous echo in the British Museum Reading Room. Never attempt to tip a driver; and

Parking is permitted in the grounds of Buckingham Palace; payment of a small fee to the warden."

The best story I ever heard about the confusion felt by strangers in a strange land, however, took place on a bus.

An American girl, sitting suddenly sneezed, and a Polish Berliner sitting opposite her while she sneezed, "Gesundheit!"

The American girl, surprised said: "Oh, you speak English!"

THE TRULY monumental gaffe is a category which has been amplified with in the "Bad Guesses" section of the recently-published *Observer Book of Quotes*.

Lord Rutherford, the great British physicist, decreed in 1933 that "anyone who looks for a source of power in the transformation of the atom is talking moonshine." He didn't live long enough to be embarrassed by atomic energy, but U.S. Defence Secretary Robert Macnamara, who announced in 1965, "We have stopped losing the war in Vietnam," is still around and available for comment.

Then there are presumably apocryphal gaffes, like the one made by the bishop who attended a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* put on by a girls' school of which he was a governor. Congratulating the girls after the show, he told the school, "This, I think, is the first time I've ever seen a female Bottom."

There is no shortage of well-authenticated clangers, however. One of awe-inspiring proportions owes a lot to the setting, a banquet at the Viceregal Lodge at Simla during the heyday of the Raj. An extremely dignified vicereine sent an ADC to enquire the title of the tune the band was playing. He returned some time later and waited for a break in the conversation; then, in a penetrating voice, the chinless vicereine addressed the vicereine: "I'll Remember Your Kisses, Your Excellency," he said, "When You Have Forgotten My Name."

Stanley Baldwin made a speech on behalf of the Tory candidate in a 1931 by-election which is still quoted as an example of invective at its most acidic, though some people present at the time believed he'd simply dropped a political brick.

Attacking the press barons, Baldwin said, "What the proprietors of these papers is aiming at is power, and power without responsibility — the privilege of the harlot throughout the ages." Harold Macmillan heard a sharp intake of breath from his father-in-law, the ninth Duke of Devonshire.

"Good God," said Devonshire, "that's done it. He's lost us the last vote!"

ROBERT MORLEY, the actor, has left this story out of his newly-published *Book of Bricks* (Wideworld & Nicolson, £3.50), so can only assume that he doesn't agree with the duke's evaluation, but he has assembled a hostful of other dropped bricks.

Some of the stories vividly depict social disaster areas laid waste by the maladroitness. During his term of office as H.M. Ambassador in Cairo, Sir Miles Lampson was elevated to the peerage and became Lord Killearn. Some time afterwards, a visitor was lunching with the ambassador and his wife. "It's so nice you're here now," he said, "and not those Lampsons who everybody disliked so much."

Tim Brooke-Taylor, the writer, who was fixed up with a blind date. Eternally optimistic, he went to a chemist and bought a packet of condoms. That evening, he recognized his date when he was introduced. She had sold him the contraceptives.

John Bratby, the painter, was getting married for the second time. Patricia, the bride, turned and whispered to him during the ceremony, "John, will you ask the best man for the ring?"

Out of years of habit, he replied automatically, "Yes, of course Jean."

Since race is the taboo subject nowadays, just as sex was in the 19th century, there are many examples of gaffes which turn on the subject.

Victor Sasie, the restaurateur, told the Chinese ambassador that he'd found a chink in his armour; Ivor Novello informed Elizabeth Welch that he'd been working like a black; and Kingsley Martin, the late editor of the progressive *New Statesman*, told Seretse Khama's Caucasian wife, Ruth, "you're the nigger in the woodpile."

THE BBC has an unenviable record in the dropped bricks department. Peter Murray once asked the terribly disfigured Nicki Lauda, who had recently survived being trapped in a blazing racing-car, if he had any other burning ambitions. On another occasion Peto heard a young actress's account of how she had once stayed unwittingly in a brothel and commented that it must have been "a right cook-up."

Christopher Headington, who is responsible for BBC music presentation, once narrowly avoided broadcasting two programme notes written by his staff: "Amahl grabs his crutch and hurls himself on the Page" was bad enough but "This aria is traditionally sung by the heroine Agathe, while waiting for her lover to come" was even worse, though not as incredible as the famous line in *Richard II*, "An hour before I came the Duchess died."

Donald Houston was responsible for a really appalling clangor on a chat show. He was asked whether he thought that the survivors of a plane crash had been justified in resorting to cannibalism when facing starvation. "I think," said Donald, "they started off on the wrong foot."

THE INVOLVEMENT of royalty or a head of state adds an extra dimension of horror to the embarrassment experienced by some brick-droppers.

Norman St. John Stevas, the MP, tells of a truly awful occasion when Queen Victoria was undoubtedly not amused.

Lord Portarlington attended a reception at which the Queen was present. The forgetful peer ambled up to her and said, "Damn it, Madam, I know your face but I cannot put a name to it."

Harold Macmillan and his wife were lunching with the De Gaulles in Paris shortly after the general had decided to retire. Dorothy Macmillan asked Madame De Gaulle what she was looking forward to now. Madame de Gaulle considered the matter for a moment, then in a penetrating voice answered, "A penis."

The general broke the embarrassed silence which followed this revelation by saying, "My dear, I think the English don't pronounce the word quite like that. It's not 'a penis' but 'apinness'."

Sir Malcolm Sargent, the conductor who was not exactly noted for his modesty and was a howling snob into the bargain, once had a Scandinavian monarch at one of his concerts. Though not invited to meet the king, he was determined to Karajan regardless. So in the interval he rushed round to the Royal Box taking his leading soloist with him as a pretext and proudly made the introductions.

"Your Majesty," he said, "may I introduce Sergio Follakoff? Sergio — the King of Norway."

The distinguished figure in the box shifted uncomfortably and murmured, "Sweden." □

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- ★ New immigrants who are planning to take the Israel matriculation for olim (*bagrut le'olim*)
- ★ Candidates for advanced programs who have completed their undergraduate studies abroad

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NATAN ZACH, one of Israel's most personal and intimate poets, has written, "when the feelings subside the right poem speaks." If we accept a certain American critic's contention that poems are written under the "anxiety of influence" of a predecessor, then we may venture to say that contemporary Hebrew poets are still wrestling with Zach's line, a line which has come to represent his generation's attitude towards the relation between self and poem just as Eliot's statement, "but the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates" became a point of reference for his successors.

The four books under review were chosen because they seem the most exciting of the many first collections published during the past year in Israel. All by young Israeli poets, they gravitate towards and away from Zach's medium-cool approach to the poem. Furthermore, they represent the difficulties and accomplishments of a new generation of Israeli poets who are continuing and challenging a fertile tradition.

ELI BAKAR'S poems are for the most part autobiographical. In many of these portrait-poems Bakar succeeds in capturing and conveying the colour of life in the streets of Jaffa. Family and past are called into play and exercised:

I stand over my twenty-one years and watch how mother brings me up. Waters her eyes in my days

And milk-flowers are saddened. Come down from above her eyes and drink

From sorrows fruit perhaps your mouth will bloom a tail of flowers.

Just an hour ago I rose from my body's flower-bed and I was like all others. Never in this world will I be an old man shouting

In the dark. Someone behind me with butterfly steps is rising from the nectar, approaching the refuse.

Although the translation does not do justice to the poem's lyrical quality, it may serve as an example of Bakar's strengths and weaknesses. Strength lies in the considerable skill and sensitivity of each line; eye and ear work together, gradually developing metaphor to what seems its most



Opening to Chapter 6 of "The Old Curiosity Shop," an engraving from "Phiz: The Book Illustrations of Habot Knight Brown," selected with an introduction, by John Buchanan Brown (David & Charles, £8.95). The partnership between the novelist and his illustrator lasted for almost 30 years, during which time Phiz realised Dickens' characters in over 450 definitive steel engravings and woodcuts. "Phiz" also managed to illustrate the works of Le Fanu, Surtees, Defoe, Fielding and Smollett, among others, and Mr. Buchanan-Brown has assembled 200 examples of the artist's work, together with a witty and erudite introduction. A.B.

Four Hebrew poets

KAFFE SHACHOR V'KOL H'TABAK (Black Coffee and All the Tobacco), by Eli Bakar, Tel Aviv, Massada, 70 pp. No price stated.

SHIRIM: 1972-76 (Poems: 1972-76), Mordechai Galili, Tel Aviv, Siman Kiryah, 81 pp. No price stated.

DIBUR (Speech), by Yosef Sharon, Tel Aviv, Siman Kiryah, 30 pp. No price stated.

BAT YEONA (Ostrich), by Maya Bejerano, Achshav, 71 pp. No price stated.

Gabriel Levin

natural conclusion. The metaphor is saved from banality by Bakar's gentle coaxing tone and by his surreal treatment of the flower-bed image.

Bakar has, however, a tendency to become self-consciously poetic, to overstate his feelings. In the end, this undermines the poem's capacity to speak out on its own.

One Jewish child

THE DEATH TRAIN: A Personal Account of a Holocaust Survivor by Luba Krugman Gurdus. Illustrated. New York, National Council on Art in Jewish Life, 164 pp. IL250.

Alexander Zvielli

map, but otherwise care has been taken to make this a handsome book.

LUBA dedicates the book to Bubus, her only son, who died during the Holocaust at the age of four, and to the one million Jewish children who perished under the Nazis. (She also dedicated a kindergarten in Bubus' name in Netanya last June.) We observe with compassion the feelings of a three-year-old boy and his reactions to the surroundings during the Holocaust. Robbed by his Polish toddler friends on the eve

counter-point the underlying isolation of the new army recruit, half-man half-child, returning home for the first time. Writing in an unabashedly modern vernacular, on the verge of the "anti-poetic," Galili uses understatement and irony with the deftness of a safe-cracker.

Many of Galili's poems deal with the army. Cynicism and gallows humour often become safety valves. Galili's eye can be ice cold, as if protecting himself from the impact of what he is witnessing:

Two Egyptian jets Dove over the half-tracks Itzik cocked his machine-gun The first passed, the second released a rocket. Hit. His back tore. He managed to breathe another day.

Apparently spontaneous and immediate, these are exceedingly cautious poems. Galili knows what to leave out. Self-effacement charges the poetry with meaning and renders all the more strongly a very definite poetic voice.

YOSEF SHARON'S poems, like Galili's, are sharpened by irony, yet they have a flexibility which Galili's poems lack. They possess a wider associative and affective range. Sharon's eye is discriminating and attentive to detail: he often pushes his poems forward with the weight of a simple, yet telling, image:

Across the furniture, placed with such care, with The Old deceiving scent, an open and warm place Is found, like the careful ink-drawings on your Japanese Blouse. — Water ripples, a flow which doesn't Break the silence, a tree is watered, lowering itself To dust (aged, bent over, grinning, a hundred and twenty years old).

Built exactly to the measure of the hunched forest marmot, Vanishing with the quick peek from the bush. And the dragon, — spits fire into space.

This is Sharon at his best: an exacting observation directs the reader towards what is unsaid. The book as a whole, however, is marred by its unevenness. As with Eli Bakar, a number of poems seem forced and overstated. We feel that Sharon, in such cases, puts his feelings into the poem, instead of discovering — and expand-

temples were moist with sweat. He wiped his forehead and opened his shirt.

"Please, close your shirt," I implored. "It's bitterly cold." He did not hear; his eyes were fixed on the train.

"A few windows opened. Our gentle neighbours were awakened by the noise. The train passed, leaving behind a cloud of smoke. Windows were closing when one harsh voice came out through loudly: 'Those damned Jews — they won't even let one sleep at night!'"

DEEPLY aware of their fate, Jews could do little about it. Luba, who escaped with her parents from the Warsaw ghetto to the small, Jewish hamlet of Zwierzyniec, found Jews there lying in stunted beds. At first, the forests outside invited afternoon outings, but later spelled death: All promises and labour permits proved worthless, after S.S. resettlement troops arrived, assisted by Ukrainians and Polish police.

Luba, Red Zwierzyniec, was arrested as a suspected Jewess and spent many months at Majdanek. Released, she hid among the Poles in Warsaw. In 1946 her husband, Kuba, brother of Nathan Gurdus, the well-known Israeli radio ham and journalist who served with General Anders army from there and brought her to Israel.

Every Holocaust story has countless sidelights. Nathan Gurdus went to Turkey in 1942 and tried to save his sister-in-law through the British-German civilian prisoners-of-war exchange. A representative of the International Red Cross arrived in Zwierzyniec and tried to find her, but Luba had arranged her papers and gone into hiding. Her gentle friends suspected that the I.R.C. delegate was a Gestapo agent and refused to tell him her whereabouts.

The Death Train is yet another addition to the Holocaust literature. While memories of World War II and Nazi crimes slowly recede, such links are forged to remind us.

ing upon — them through the poem.

LIKE RUSSIAN DOLLS which open up to reveal a second, third, and fourth doll, Maya Bejerano's poems are full of surprises. Her imagination is her kingdom and she peoples it with the most zany, yet moving, characters, whether mineral, vegetable or animal:

In the imagination I heard a dream, in the dream a lizard. In the dream I saw a lizard in the lizard a hedgehog. In the hedgehog I saw a storm, And in the storm the flower's heart

In the flower's heart — the small of a knife and in the knife love. The lizard's mouth holds a hedgehog. Where are the faces turning?

The first half of this collection contains 17 poems in which Bejerano fuses lyric and associative elements with considerable ease and freshness of mind. The poems are strikingly original. Bejerano's tropical imagination calls to mind the poetry of Dalia Ravikovitch, yet Bejerano is rapidly staking out her own terrain. Poem after poem testifies to her ability to delight and inspire not only herself, but also the reader.

The second half of *Ostrich* is more problematic, but only because Bejerano embarks with considerable risks on a long sequence poem. Entitled "Data Processing," it consists of 20 poems which are loosely connected to each other. The "data" being processed are in the poet's stream of consciousness. Time and place shift while narrative, discursive and associative modes of expression slip into each other.

At any moment one of the pink workers jump from the band Naked and tanned disappears from above Embracing one of the hills, dies in his works below in the black and brown finds.

Bejerano wants to surprise the self, and, in doing so, to gain access to his private musings. Spurning Zach's advice to approach the poem cautiously, Bejerano experiments with automatic writing in order to avoid losing her data. Yet in Hebrew the word for processing, "sbood," is phonetically perilously close to the word "lose." And in the end the self loses itself in a daze of sense-impressions and colour. □

IT IS SURPRISING that the history and craft of spying has not been accorded an "ology" of its own — say, espionage. It is certainly as interesting as Sovietology and often a damn sight more amusing. Students of both, of course, suffer from a lack of reliable source materials, but compensating for this by exercising the imagination may not be a bad thing.

Like evenings at the bridge club, spies tend to come to rather sad ends. Take the story of that Dutch hat-maker's daughter, Margaretha Zelle, more commonly and exotically known as Mata Hari. By late adolescence, she appeared to have everything. She was beautiful, worldly and intelligent; often, she was prosperous; always, she was spell-binding.

As one knowledgeable Frenchman put it: "You can scarcely credit the mystic frenzy produced by her lascivious attitudes. From her great sombre eyes, half-closed in sensuous ecstasy, there gleamed an uncanny light, like phosphorescent flowers. She seemed to embrace an invisible being in her long, shapely arms." Indeed, when belly-dancing, she carried spectators, in Colette's phrase, "to the extreme limit of decent attention."

In 1916, at the age of 39, succumbing to the allure of money, Margaretha consented to spy for both the Germans and the French, then looked in mortal combat in Flanders fields. She moved to Madrid, where she succeeded in adding the French and German military attaches to her list of current lovers, which included the Marquis de Beaufort and Jean Hallaure (Frenchmen), Captain Vadim Maslov (Russian), "an Italian, two Irishmen, four Englishmen and a Montenegrin, not to mention a couple more Frenchmen, one of whom was a general." Clearly, she exhibited preponderantly pro-Allied inclinations.

But the French, getting wind of the lady's German connections, were in no mood to settle for less than the full 100 per cent of her favours. Like its predecessors, *TAKE NINE SPIES* by Fitzroy Maclean. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 241 pp. £8.95.

Benny Morris

1917 was a bad year for the French: losses were enormous and morale flagged. Scapegoats were required and "Mata Hari exactly filled the bill." On 15 October, after a jolly trial and conviction, she was taken out and shot. Needless to say, "none of Mata Hari's former friends claimed her body, which over the years had given such pleasure to so many."

The cruelly ironic side of the affair was that for all her charms and intelligence, Mata Hari really failed to merit the designation

Firing-squad fodder



Kim Philby was instrumental in discrediting the British secret service.

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The cruelly ironic side of the affair was that for all her charms and intelligence, Mata Hari really failed to merit the designation

"spy." Mostly, she purveyed gossip and newspaper clippings; occasionally she drew on her rich imagination to embellish a tale. Certainly she raked in some hefty sums; but she rewarded both her paymasters with no significant secrets whatsoever.

THERE IS ALSO something profoundly sad about the end of the sinister Yvonne Asaf, perhaps the most accomplished "double" in Russian history. For some 50 years Asaf successfully persuaded both the Okhrana (the Tsarist secret police) and his comrades in the Social Revolutionary Party of his autocratic/revolutionary bona fides. His duplicity and efficiency were phenomenal. He handed over dozens of comrades and

revealed innumerable plots to his Tsarist employers; meanwhile, he rose to head his revolutionary party's Combat Section, in which capacity he masterminded several major assassinations including, in 1908, that of Russian Interior Minister V.K. Plehve (in other words, his employer).

Rather confusing for normal mortals. But Asaf, a Krasnodar-born Jew, was so adept that he managed to last the course and die in bed (admittedly at the age of 49) in 1918, after finding a niche in, of all places, the German Foreign Ministry.

Heddy, his last wife, was the sole mourner at his funeral; none of his revolutionary comrades showed up, having at last uncovered his Tsarist connections.

BY THE time of World War II such parvenus and basically low-life types no longer characterized Europe's spying élites. Eric Ambler's nondescript, beady-eyed little men playing all angles for a fast buck had virtually ceased to be of any importance by the time they were invented. (An exception was Eleya Basna, alias Cloero, valet to the British ambassador in Turkey and a German secret agent.) Henceforth most were scions of the upper middle classes, born and bred into the establishments; most were motivated by ideology rather than by money; and often their most effective work was directed against their own country.

Dr. Richard Sorge, son of a Berlin banker, winner of the Iron Cross and twice wounded in World War I, graduate of Kiel and Hamburg universities, was certainly the Soviet Union's most effective anti-Axis spy in the 1930s and early 1940s. As a leading German journalist and confidant of the German ambassador and military attaché in Tokyo, Sorge provided his controllers with much high-grade intelligence, including a forewarning of Operation Barbarossa. Ironically, his current reports to the Japanese and Chinese developments were highly prized.

Oleg Penkovsky was even more thoroughly entrenched in the Soviet establishment. With one

great-uncle a Red Army lieutenant-general, in 1945 he married the daughter of a general in the Army's political directorate. He distinguished himself in WWII and by 1960 was a full colonel in the GRU (Military Intelligence).

Through 1961-62, with the Cuban and Berlin crises lowering in the background, Penkovsky fed the CIA and MI6 vast quantities of Soviet secrets. He had come to believe the Soviet regime evil and Khrushchev a nuclear war-monger; himself he regarded as the self-appointed saviour of Western civilization.

ONE CANNOT write a book on the "moderns" without something about Kim Philby, the scourge of the British upper class. Maclean devotes some 50 pages to the story of Philby-Burgess-Maclean. But his interpretation of Philby, in line with the accepted version, is unconvincing. Certainly Philby succumbed to the militant charms of Communism while at Cambridge in the early 1930s. So did many others. But how many of them became spies for Russia and persisted in their folly until the 1960s on the basis of this juvenile conversation?

John Le Carré's analysis of Philby's character and motives seems to me more penetrating and more convincing than Fitzroy Maclean's. Hatred, rather than belief, impelled Kim in his pursuit of "the great game"; hatred of his tyrannical father, an old British intelligence hand, and of the Imperial *Weltanschauung* he embodied; hatred of the upper-middle-class values imbibed at Westminster and Cambridge, and of the mindless chauvinism of his superiors and colleagues in MI6. Indeed, it was as an "avenger" that Kim crept upon the citadels of the British secret world and destroyed them.

Maclean's book, however, may well become a standard text for aspiring espionageists. He sets down his nine case histories in fine Oxbridge prose, flecked with wit and captivating descriptions. In terms of historical accuracy, the work is irreproachable — a rare feature in books of this kind. □

his contemporaries, Bernal Diaz de Castille — the Josephus of the conquest of Mexico — and the priest Sahagun, who dwell on the humanity of the Indians and objected to the Spanish policy of destroying them in order to save their souls for the Lord. Though they detested the bloody practices of Aztec human sacrifice, they preferred to convert the living. They would have violently rejected as blasphemy the conception of Cortés as an astro-magical force that Collis presents.

IRONICALLY, despite Cortés' efforts to convert him, the tragic Montezuma did not die a Christian, but as the priest-king of a defeated, yet proud, Aztec people. Cortés, the daring and ruthless adventurer who conquered an empire, did not win in the way Collis would have us believe.

In the folk-Catholicism of modern Mexico, the Aztec and other pre-Hispanic legends persist to this day, and the vindication of Montezuma and his civilisation is clearly visible in Mexico City's monumental Museum of National Anthropology.

As in Collis' India and Burma, the Imperial period left Indochina with only a veneer of Westernization. Beneath lies an ever-growing pride in the roots of its pre-colonial past. □

THE AUTHOR'S glorification of Cortés differs from the records of his pre-colonial past. □

ARE FAMILIES disappearing as individual, independent life-styles take over? Jane Howard, author of *A Different Woman*, opens her book with this startling statistic: of 56 million American families, only 16.3 per cent are conventionally "nuclear," with a domestic mother, a working father and resident children.

She then goes on to show how the other 83.7 per cent seek or find by chance new connections that can be safely classified as clan, tribe or family.

Her thesis is that we may escape from original families but never from the urge to band with others. She travels across the country, interviewing ethnic groups, lesbian couples with children, religious communes, quoting from Buber and Aristotle to show man's need for man. Some interesting observations are that the Jewish family, long a model of close family ties, is losing that distinction, and that fathers are assuming a far bigger role today. □ Jennie Tarabulot

The death of the gods

MAURICE COLLIS was an Irishman employed by the British Colonial Service in India and Burma during the final years of imperial glory. His peculiar status of a colonial subject once removed, governing the conquered natives of his own conqueror's colonies, drove him to an obsessive passion for the dialectics of empire. In this book, he clothes himself alternately and in combination in the dual roles of the ruthless conqueror Cortés and the tragic victim Montezuma as he unfolds the dramatic beginnings of Spain's empire in the New World.

The author's colonial experience undoubtedly coloured his image of, by his lights, the cruel and primitive inhabitants of the undiscovered American continent about to be redeemed by a white European master. His tale of the confrontation between Western values and the glories of pre-Columbian Mexico is as compelling as the "Indian" of the Americas as was Kipling's portrayal of the Indians of Asia.

Collis clearly admires the virility of Cortés the conquistador, yet sympathises with the pathos of Montezuma. Indeed, the reader begins to perceive the duality, for the heroism of the one may be nullified only in the violation of the other.

COLLIS emphasizes the religious nature of the encounter between the two men. Cortés, the crusader bearing the cross, would conquer new lands to sanctify the name of the true God and Christianise the pagans. Montezuma, awaiting the prophesied return of the plumed-serpent god Quetzalcoatl reincarnated in the form of a white man,

feared his arrival yet could not prevent the inevitable.

Cortés, aware of the myth, played his role in a drama predetermined by a destiny set down in Aztec legend. The cross itself — in the shape of the double-headed cross of Lorraine — was already known to the Aztecs as a symbol in their ritual.

Thus, the equation of superior technology versus superior manpower, common to all Imperialist conquests, was here tempered, for the conqueror, by a fortuitous symmetry of theological beliefs.

Montezuma did not wield his power to crush Cortés and his complement of 600 men, for he, like his adversary, was convinced not only that the encounter was fated but that it augured mutual salvation. The Aztec's greatest fear, greater than the fear of subjection, was the death of the gods.

At all costs Quetzalcoatl, in the guise of Cortés, had to return, even if the price were Aztec survival — an intriguing precursor to the Nietzschean doctrine of the death of God in modern society.

THE AUTHOR'S glorification of Cortés differs from the records of his pre-colonial past. □

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1979

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THIS WEEK IN ARAD, 146 students in their 20s and early 30s settled down to their Hebrew ulpan and Judaic/modern Israeli studies at the WUJS INSTITUTE. They come from 9 different countries and include doctors, lawyers, social workers, teachers, journalists, economists, artists, biologists, engineers, therapists, philosophers, psychologists, etc. During their study period, they enjoy extensive tours of Israel and a two-week kibbutz/moshav work period. The Institute will help them find jobs in Israel after their studies are completed.

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Hoss opry

AFTER LAST WEEK'S bout with Horman Mankiewicz's opinionated, bourbon-soaked neuroses it is a relief to find myself on a conducted tour of the realm where the deer and the antelope play, guided by that cowpoke extraordinary, Gene Autry.

This is a modest book, I mean genuinely modest. Not that Mr. Autry does not have much to be modest about, but behind all the pearl-handled swagger lurks his joyful amazement at having become that rich, famous and admired on so little; it takes a straight-shooting buckaroo to own up. Generous tribute is paid to Lady Luck, and every step on the ladder came as a surprise to Gene, who tells his story in Country an' Western style.

Orvon Gene Autry was born in 1907 at Tioga, Texas, of Baptist preacher stock, started as a farmhand ("Where I grew up, X was not the rating for a dirty movie, it was the signature of one third of the population.") and bought his first guitar for \$8. He became a telegraph operator, with, ah shucks, maybe someday a supervisory post. The job left him plenty of time for a-humming an' a-strummin'. Then he joined the softening-up team of a snake-oil promoter (Dr. Field's Pain Annihilator), at \$15 a week, "the riches of Arabia." Later as a projectionist at the Dark Feather Bioplace, he "gets saddle-sore lust from watching Tom Mix, William S. Hart and Harry Carey." Mother dies, father "drifts off."

Radio comes next, Autry starring in *The National Bandwaggon*, a programme of corn to feed the Cornbelt. The titles of Autry's discography highlight the tinner side of Tin Pan Alley — *My Alabama Home, Stay Away from my Chicken House, Lullaby Yodel (#), She's a Hum-Dum-Dinger*.

AUTRY'S HALLMARK is the Avis Syndrome. Never an innovator, he knew a good thing when he saw it. When Al Jolson was making a blackface, Gene was making a whiteface, miles for one of her smiles, Gene Autry was Ten. "I'm trying harder with *Little Old Lady*, *Waiting, Whisper Your Mother's Name*, and *I Wish All my Children were Babies Again*, and when Tin Pan Alley discovered that wheezing old geezer in the corner, Autry cut his first million-off record with *That Silver Haird Daddy of Mine*. Autry's "Discography" covers 16 wholehearted pages for the period 1929-62.

After the mummies and the dad-



BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN, by Gene Autry (with Mickey Herskovits). New York, Doubleday, 252 pp. \$8.95.

Wim van Leer

des came Santa Claus, hot on the trail if way behind Irving Berlin's *White Christmas*. With *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* Autry entered the Big League of Christmas soporifics and sold 2½ million copies in the first year (by 1978 sales had reached the 100 million mark). Further Christmas shock was to follow: *When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter* (1960); *Merry Texas Christmas to You All* (1961); *I Wish My Mom Would Marry Santa Claus* (1963). And to think that the Mom who made it all possible could not find room at the inn!

In 1934, a screen-gunslinger named Marlon Morrison injected a few songs into *Riders of Destiny*. It caught on, and the somewhat effeminate Marlon became John and Morrison became Wayne.

This was Autry's cue. Beginning with *In Old Santa Fe* under the sobriquet of "The Original (!) Singing Cowboy," by 1954 Autry had starred in 89 song-drenched Westerns with titles like *Oh Along Little Dogies, Sagebrush Troubadour, Guns and Guitars, Melody Trail, Boots and Saddles and Gaucho Serenade*. "No cowboy had ever before finished in the box office Top Ten," says the actor. The reason: "My movies offered crimes of cunning, instead of crimes of violence. Dishonest salesmen and financial pirates were my villains. I ran a kind of Better Business Bureau out in the wide open spaces."

If you had seen one Autry film, you had seen them all. "Trying to single out one of my pictures," says Autry, "is like trying to recall a particular noodle you en-

joyed during a spaghetti dinner." In a further 91 "films of his own," 81 episodes of *Annie Oakley*, 78 slabs of *The Range Rider*, 42 dollops of *Buffalo Bill Jr.* and 29 *Adventures of Champion* (the hoss), all made according to Autry's own Cowboy Code, as a rider to the Lord's Commandments:

1. The cowboy must never shoot first, hit a smaller man, or take unfair advantage.
2. He must never go back on his word, or a trust confided in him.
3. He must always tell the truth.
4. He must be gentle with children, the elderly, and animals.
5. He must not advocate or possess racially or religiously intolerant ideas.
6. He must help people in distress.
7. He must be a good worker.
8. He must keep himself clean in thought, speech, action, and personal habits.
9. He must respect women, parents, and his nation's laws.
10. The cowboy is a patriot.

AS YOU'D EXPECT, we find a lot of name-droppings in Autry's copypaste, especially politicians, whose honesty, trust and law-abiding subscription to the Solid Virtues of Middle America, if not inherent can be suggested by associative osmosis. So we see Richard Nixon, Lady Bird Johnson, Ronald Reagan, Franklin Roosevelt Jr. and Harry Truman hookey cheek to beefy jaw with our ever-beaming bronco-buster.

WHEN I was a young father I nightly racked my brain to invent new bedtime stories for my daughter, until I realized that Jennifer only wanted to hear the same story with as little variation as my memory would allow.

One night, I decided to vary the fare and introduced a small grey cat named Dorlan to keep Tibbytoes, a bruising tomat and an old trooper with a considerable biography, company. I was informed that there was no small grey cat, only Tibbytoes. I explained that Dorlan was meant as a surprise. No surprise was needed, thank you.

But I persevered (no twilly five-year-old is editing my script). The next evening, Tibbytoes got married, and a week later had a grey kitten named Dorlan. Reluctantly Jennifer permitted this addition to the cast. But, two days later, she told me, her eyes drooping in innocence, that Dorlan had run away, irrevocably. I gave up. Dorlan was never heard of again.

GENE AUTRY has understood something that I have not really learned to this very day. That blessed are the innocent and poor of spirit. That there are many of them. And that they are willing to pay for the privilege. Oh, to be a guy. Sometimes...

Anarchy in translation

SEVERAL MONTHS ago I reviewed, among other pieces, a fragment of a novel by A.B. Yehoshua called *The Philanderer*. It was, in fact, a fully realized, self-contained novella, evoking fear and compassion, with a gripping central character whom you'd recognize in any crowd.

I am now called upon to review *The Lover* — a concept blander, less intriguing than *Philanderer* — from which the short section had been excerpted. This became apparent only because of references early in the novel to an ancient, comatose grandmother; nothing else served to remind me of that other remarkable bit of prose.

And so I checked the translation: Louis Simpson is responsible for the novel, Miriam Arad for the novella; in other words, Revised Standard versus King James, although the RSV is way beyond Simpson's capabilities. Simpson has reduced a wide-ranging chorus of voices to a monotone, a clearly articulated recitative to a muffled whine. He is British and non-literate; his grammar and punctuation are atrocious and his colloquialisms defiantly non-U: people "carry on" — the word "continue" evades him — doing things "on their own," to choose just two from his limited store of overused and undernourished locutions. He has made a mockery of language that in Hebrew surely ranged from laud to seductive to ironic, that in Miriam Arad's English, was memorable.

Not that Yehoshua sets the translator or himself an easy task. His book — call it a love story — is written from the point of view of half a dozen different, and different kinds of, lovers. Each Na'im, also 14, is sent by his boss, "I" — Adam the father, Asya his wife, Dafn the daughter, Gabriel

THE LOVER by A.B. Yehoshua. New York, Doubleday. 352 pp. \$10.

Evelyn Strouse

the philanderer, Na'im the Arab, Veducha the grandmother — presents his own view of the action, in a kind of interior monologue that shifts from one to the other without transition. To avoid confusion, the speaker's name appears at the top.

Classically, individual idiom and characteristic tone should make further identification unnecessary; whether the author or the translator is at fault for the absence of verbal discreteness, I cannot say. A character is not a name. In a very different sort of novel, *The Sound and the Fury*, Faulkner uses a similar technique, but Benjy, for instance, is so prominently Benjy and Caddy his sister so ineluctably herself that Faulkner does not need — or use — identifying headings.

WE COULD perhaps accept the undifferentiated dialogue — the fact that Dafn's way of speaking is indistinguishable from her mother's, Na'im's from Veducha's — were the novel to develop from conditions which the characters are helpless to change. Fiction is strange, truth stranger; that is why art, to be believable, can only be an abstraction of life.

But *The Lover* is as full of unlikely events as the daily paper, and as careless with coincidence. The one morning that the budding Dafn, 14 years old, chooses to cut school is the very morning that Na'im, also 14, is sent by his boss, "I" — Adam the father, Asya his wife, Dafn the daughter, Gabriel

suspense and tension are sacrificed as the reader watches the meeting coalesce, waits with foot-tapping resignation for the predictable to happen.

A greater strain upon credulity is the emergence from her cocoon of grandmas. About a quarter of the way through the book there appears a long, incoherent paragraph, heralded by the word "veducha." What is a veducha? one thinks, but the preceding pages offer no clue. "Thoughts of an ancient plant will she grow to the ceiling or break out through a window into the sunlight give flowers and fruit... a door closes, a wind trapped in the plant, stirring free. Her bark peels off grows soft moss turns to hair to resin to blood the stem grows weak and hollow, a whistling begins deep inside a wind comes in a wind goes out a wind comes in again..."

Two or three less scrambled entries later the meaning of Veducha becomes clear. The appearance of Adam has served to sort out the old lady's prose, largely because his great beige beard reminds her of a broom and click! she remembers that she hasn't swept the house for a long time. So she rises from the bed where she has lain deaf, mute, and sightless — unalive — for a year, and heads for home, to pick up her life like a dropped stitch, exactly where it had been interrupted. At 93 she has all her marbles and a full head of black hair.

These are egregious flaws in a novel of serious intent. Love new and fading is explored; the sharp eroticism of the very young, the guilty indifference of the middle-aged, the unfocused yearning of the unattached. But a novel's substance is expressed in words, and when words are not valued, sensitivity, persuasion, and passion fall victim. The reader would surely have more willingly suspended disbelief had he been more irresistibly tempted by the translator. □

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Deodorants

OUR NEIGHBOURS may laugh at what they consider an olfactory hypersensitivity foisted on us by the Madison Avenue medicine show; but I can now report that even our ancestors tried to fight odours of the type which permeate our local buses.

For example, that lovely, dried citron, stuck full of cloves, which is often used for *haodalah*, is the descendant of the once-common pomander — a 16th-century air freshener — worn on the belts of such personages as Cardinal Wolsey "to keep away the evil odour of the streets and of his parishioners."

POTPOURRI AND OTHER FRAGRANT DELIGHTS by Jacqueline Heriteau, London, Penguin. 138 pp. 75p.

Potpourri and Other Fragrant Delights provides an entertaining and informative guide to the art of preserving the natural fragrances of herbs, flowers, and spices. Heriteau provides over 100 recipes for rose bowls, pomanders, sweet bags, etcetera, as well as a short history of the origins and uses of perfumes and scents, accompanied by tidbits concerning some of the more famous users.

Alexander the Great, for instance, fumigated his clothing with myrrh; Cleopatra had "the floors of her apartments strewn with a knee-deep in rose petals"; and Napoleon used as many as 69 bottles of eau de cologne a month.

In addition to the facts provided by Heriteau, the recipes themselves afford some insights. My favourite is this comment at the conclusion of a 17th-century recipe for restoring the scent of a fading pomander: "This is a sleight to pass away an old pomander; but my intention is honest."

Heriteau's book provides pleasant, light reading and a practical guide to what was a necessary skill when the bath was an actual ritual. □
Paul S. Skovron

'Arry Pollitt's bolshies

THE JEWS who joined the Communist Party in Britain before World War II were among the most idealistic of their generation. Like Joe Gold, the hero of *Chains*, they saw the cowardice and corruption of the Western democracies in the face of the Nazi menace and grasped at the one movement that seemed to stand up and fight it. The whole world was in such a state of misery that something was obviously fundamentally wrong somewhere. Communism offered an answer.

The catalogue of horror that Joe and company witnessed in World War II only reinforced their determination to herald the Communist millennium. The late 1940s were the golden years of this hope. A Labour Party landslide in England ushered in the Welfare State and nationalization. Europe froze in the Cold War, but on the other side of the world European imperialism collapsed in Asia and Mao Tse-tung strode to power over the largest nation on earth. The future was red with promise.

But the Marxist sun never rose for the Jews, new enemies are gathering along with the old, Joe, who formerly spat on Zionism and his Jewish heritage, comes to lend his experience and know-how to Jewish undercover activities against neo-Nazi and Arab terror movements. There is a reconciliation with the wife of his youth,

CHAINS by Baron Moss. London, Bachman & Turner. 350 pp. £5.50.

Martin Sleff

sonally stripped the dream bare forever. Russia's crushing of Hungarian independence quickly followed — 300,000 refugees fled Hungary and, back in Britain, the CIP lost one-third of its members. The aura of idealism was gone forever. Those who stayed had sold their souls.

This is the theme of *Chains*, Baron Moss's extremely impressive first novel. It is clearly strongly autobiographical. Moss grins out of the book cover like last week's Cockney-Jewish villain from *The Sweetest*. Formerly a miner and, like Joe Gold, a journalist (on the *Daily Worker*, one suspects), he went on to become an advertising executive.

After leaving the Party in 1958, Joe too finds short-term solace in making it with capitalism. But the world still groans in torment, and for the Jews, new enemies are gathering along with the old, Joe, who formerly spat on Zionism and his Jewish heritage, comes to lend his experience and know-how to Jewish undercover activities against neo-Nazi and Arab terror movements. There is a reconciliation with the wife of his youth,

whom he'd left for a free-loving True Believer of the Party, and at last he is at peace with himself.

BUT IN the big bad world outside, the shadows over the Jewish people continue to lengthen. *Chains* ends tomorrow, when the United Nations finally gets round to making its folly of 1948 and denying Israel the right to exist. Then, Joe's decades of extremist experience and journalistic contacts pay off in a political crime that stuns the world.

Chains has all the ingredients of a good thriller — lots of sex, scervings of violence, and oodles of political intrigue. It also raises some interesting questions. Was a notorious Nazi war criminal in fact kidnapped and murdered by a Jewish underground group during a top-secret visit to Britain to meet with local neo-Nazi leaders in the 1960s? Were the passengers of the airliners hijacked to Jordan in 1970 freed because the same Jewish underground had kidnapped a top PLO leader in Britain and threatened to kill him in retaliation? It would be nice to think so.

But *Chains* is a thriller almost by chance. It is mainly a very sensitive and intelligent political novel in the tradition of Howard Fast, written with remarkable integrity and sense of period. Moss succeeds in evoking the Jewish East End before the Blackshirts, the tight-knit mining families of Yorkshire, the ambience of radical Soho in the 1930s and '60s, with freshness and insight. □

Fishing for Fischer

Meir Ronnen

OUR LOS ANGELES correspondent recently reported the discomfort of the local Jewish community with the group of Israeli artists now being exhibited at the County Museum, the most prestigious art establishment on the West Coast. The exhibition was greeted, it is said, with incomprehension, while statements by the artists on television were received with indignation.



Yona Fischer

The Israelis expressed the view that their nationality was only incidental to their work; what they were after were new forms of universal expression. Perhaps they expressed themselves badly. For what seems to me an eminently sane, liberal and enlightened position was evidently interpreted by some Californian Jews as a form of treason.

It is clear, however, that what the Jewish community was expecting was more traditional, more patriotic, more literal and more emotional artistic Jewish fare. Not for them the conceptualists and abstract-expressionists like Cohen-Gan, Neustein, Tevet, Kupferman.

They would no doubt have preferred to see Reuven Rubin, Nahum Gutman, Naftali Bezem and even Yitzhak Greenfield, the veteran Ein Karem artist who makes latter-day visions of the heavenly Jerusalem and who wrote a Letter to the Editor in last Friday's *Post* decrying the presentation of "third rate avant gardists" at the Los Angeles County Museum.

Greenfield also accused them of letting down the side. Moreover, he accused Israel Museum curator Yona Fischer of being responsible for this state of affairs, and pointed to the fact that many of the Los Angeles participants were also represented in another all-Israeli show recently chosen by Fischer for the Bell Telephone Company.

GREENFIELD'S letter confused a number of issues. The Los Angeles show was chosen entirely by the County Museum's canny and experienced chief curator, Morris Tuchman, after a number of extended visits to Israel. Tuchman wanted to show Americans — and not just staunchly pro-Israel Jews — what was new on the art scene here.

Further, he wanted to confine his choice to the sort of work that was not a rehashing of depictions of emotions and scenes so characteristic of the art of earlier years, both here and in the United States. He wanted to stimulate, not bore, his wider audience. The exercise was to be one of intellect,

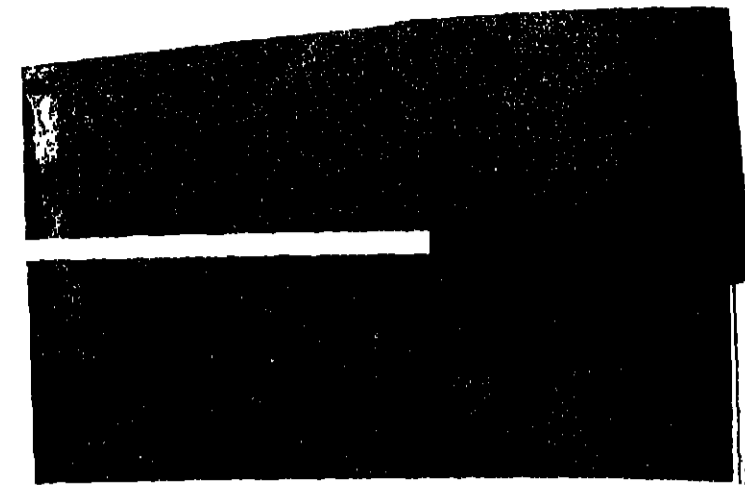
not propaganda. It is not surprising that his independent choice was not very different from Yona Fischer's. Both curators were guided by considerations of originality and quality, rather than those of ideology or image.

The unrelenting assaults on Fischer over the last few years have largely come from artists who failed to enter the Israel Museum in one form or another.

They have in fact been turned down, in most cases, because the curators feel they have nothing to say that has not already been said better in the past. A new twist has been offered of late by artist-lobbyist Avraham Ofek, who sits on various committees connected with the Ministry of Education and Culture; Ofek claims that "Jewish" art is being neglected. Greenfield seems to echo this claim. This writer sees their cause as personal, not universal — it has nothing to do with the problems that face the artist of today.

Fortunately, Fischer, despite his own personal anguish, has found the strength to resist all these assaults. It is all the more regrettable therefore that he has for some time compromised his curatorial standing by working as a consultant to private galleries, as emerged from a recent television programme.

Fischer makes no secret of these activities and he enjoys the trust of his colleagues. But I hope they will come to realize that he is too valuable an asset to be compromised; and that he can be persuaded to drop any activities that smack of conflict of interest



Joshua Neustein: "Stretcher Frames and Painted Surfaces, 1970" from the collection of Suzie and Abba Eban ("Seven Artists in Israel," Los Angeles County Museum).

before he is brought down. It is high time, too, that the boards of our major museums published a set of rules governing the ethics of being a curator; and relationships between curators, artists and gallery-owners.

POSTSCRIPT: While the "avant gardists" are neither Jewish nor Israeli enough for many Jews, they seem to be too much so for some Gentiles. Pinhas Cohen-Gan has just forwarded to me a hate letter received from a Californian who looks forward to the day when all Jews will be eliminated, at least from America. He writes to Cohen-Gan that "America has enough good Gentile artists of its own without importing Jewish and Israeli ones. 'We hate you Jews.' It concludes.

You can't please everybody. And neither should you try. *Th-*

Post received an anonymous letter this week chastising me for being uncharitable to a young artist who had received an AICF scholarship.

It may interest the writer — and other readers — to learn that the American-Israel Cultural Foundation has now decided to stop giving scholarships to so many applicants. It will instead consolidate these sums as levers for special projects. Some members of the AICF committee have come to my conclusion that it can even be inhumane to encourage the notion in many mediocre artists that they can look forward to a major, rather than a minor, career in the arts. There are many thousands of practising artists in this country who fulfill various personal or public or even teaching needs; but only a handful of them show any promise of achieving something of any significance. □

PARADISE LOST

Meir Ronnen

SHALOM REIZER is one of the great tragic figures of Israeli art and this retrospective show of his works is somehow a triumph of the spirit over a life of unspendable tragedy.

The circumstances are such that it is difficult to deal with this show from the point of view of formal art criticism; but suffice it to say that Reizer's work is imbued with the spirit of Paris of the Forties and Fifties; where the artist found and lost his ideals; he has been recapturing her on paper ever since.

It is also imbued with what was the spirit of art in the Old School of Paris; an alchemy of talent and sensitivity, of poetry and Bohemia, of idolatry and stylized romanticism. The style is often that of Picasso; the two men once established an enigmatic personal acquaintanceship. Reizer had something of Picasso's "magic touch"; several of his drawings, it is said, were acquired by Kahaweller.

Ever homeless, Reizer was the archetypal bafe artist, sketching portraits for a drink and a bite in the famous establishments of Paris and Jerusalem. Little remains today of the god-like golden youth with the cerulean eyes and clothes; he has long been institutionalized, but still makes forays to his old haunts.

Yet he works on, loved and cherished by a remarkable number of people, including Yossi Sued, who had long promised Reizer that his works would be the first to grace the walls of Sued's long-planned gallery, which

opened last week in a lovely old house near the King David Hotel.

Reizer was born in Poland in 1916 but was raised in Vienna. He escaped the Nazis by winning a Palestinian visa through acceptance to the Bezalel School, and he spent his first days here at the only real home he was to know after leaving his parents' Kibbutz Bin Giv. He left Israel in 1948 for Paris, to return a decade later a lost soul, a Tristan turned dandyish hobo, but retaining an unshakable grip on his link with both his innor and outer life: his sketchbook.

The only coherent account of Reizer's life that exists is a lengthy, moving and beautifully written introduction to the catalogue by Dr. Gideon Orenti; but even that, owing to lack of medical information, is studded with enigmas. Lacking such basic information, one can't make much of the hints in the works themselves: it is difficult to assess whether Reizer's characterization of himself as Napoleon is pathology or self-satire. (Mashloza Gallery, Washington 2, Jerusalem.) Till end Feb.

LILLIANE KLAPISCH shows works on paper of mixed intention and results; it is rather hard to tell which began as studies for paintings or at what point some of them began to assume a life of their own. Klapisch thinks best in painterly terms and the best of all her familiar still life (desks, lamps, pianos and trees glimpsed through doors and windows) are those organized or rendered in mass rather than line. The few landscapes seem more like exercises than an attempt to present a statement. (Printers

Gallery, Ramban 23, Jerusalem.) Till Feb. 17.

BENJAMIN WINKLER, a longtime resident of the Negev who makes monuments and designs interiors with decorative elements (synagogues, for instance) shows cast reliefs and a few small, free-standing metal sculptures. Some of them suffer from varying degrees of decorative functionalism. The reliefs would look better seen singly in an appropriate setting, though I confess an allergy to the unfeeling utilitarianism of cast aluminium. (Jerusalem Artists House.) Till Feb. 21.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN, a graduate of The College of Art of the University of Michigan, came here some four years ago, served in the paratroops and is now a member of Kibbutz Kfar Sava. His paintings, coloured etchings and drawings all deal with figure groups and attempt to reflect some of the isolation, fears, anxieties, tensions and conflicts between the protagonists. The style is that of academic training in the early decades of the century, though a breakaway can be discerned in some of the drawings.

A number of the larger canvases seem to have been painted from photographs, with the colour being used to emphasize emotional effects rather than being organized for its own sake. The approach is not only literary, but over-literary, often resulting in dull drawing. The arbitrary distribution and choice of colour is particularly jarring in the hand-coloured etchings. (Jerusalem Theatro Gallery for New Artists.) Till Feb. 27. □



Shalom Reizer: dove (Mashloza Gallery, Jerusalem).



Winkler: aluminum casting (Jerusalem Artists House).



Sketch by Lilliane Klapisch.

SHOWS IN HAIFA

"ISRAELI ART PRINTS," 1909-66 is the first of three exhibitions from Haifa Museum's collection of such works. In the present batch first place is shared by Steinhardt and Struck. The popular medium is the woodcut to which Steinhardt, "Street and Trees," among others, gave the expressionist tinge, influencing Tevet, and also to some extent Y. Gali ("Shoe Factory" and "Self Portrait").

The finest woodcut, however, comes from Pina, in whose "Old Houses" black and white, by figuring light and shade, bring out the architecture; and after Pina, Gali's portrait of his father and Lehmann's "Dog." Of Struck's classically-oriented etchings, nothing need be said; they are all expert, familiar portraits and landscapes.

The Bocklo etchings (e.g. "In the Synagogue") are too miniature. Abel Pann provided quite a good lithograph of a partly Oriental Jew but Alwell's and Arlika's pieces in the same medium are disappointing, as is Sina's crowded line cut. To those who knew the later phases of this period, Israeli graphics seemed woefully poor; we now know that, at least in black and white, we could not see the wood for the trees (Abba Khoushy Community Centre, Haifa).

ERICA KLUGER does wall hangings in wool. As with carpets, she keeps the motifs from protruding but, unlike the flatness of carpets, the positioning on the wall permits her to push back the subject from the viewer. Thus, in "Sinal," a salient yellow, the humped road in the foreground holds back the design and maintains the feeling of distance; while in "Negev," a work of orange, yellow and brown, and even more of open spaces and movement, the whole is held in place by the opposition of triangular areas. On the other hand, "Jerusalem," a prominent purple, recedes from a foreground road, across a valley, to a built-up hill.

These are probably the three best hangings because the landscape factor provides a basic structure. Still, the two "Galilees," the same subject in thick and normal weave, respectively, are interesting for the hand-and-like "shell" on the left, from whose hollow interior an imaginary power seems to issue and control the design. The abstract work, although absolutely correct in colour and composition, e.g. the two unequal forms of "Lakes," have less force because she must create her conception independently (possible exceptions are the whimsical "Storzando" and the voluble "Hobrow Lettering"). (Municipal Museum, Haifa.) Till February 28.

SILVIA GHINSBERG shows figures and landscapes in oils and wash drawings. Her superior work falls into two categories. There is the more disciplined painting; the perspective and clarity of two country roads (7 and 22) and the linear composition of a narrow street (8). However, the greater potential, if she could avoid the deliberate obscurity, lies in such pictures as the woman at her dressing table (12). The best of this group is of a man and woman in 12, where a continuous broad yellow band (a sunbeam?) enters from behind, illuminating the woman's dress and ends on the foreground (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till Feb. 14.

"POLIGRAFA," BARCELONA. PRINTS are a wide selection of original, signed and numbered graphics. The Israelis include a "blow" from Uri Lifschitz; a triple head by Feingersh, outdoing cubism's double head by means of straight ostrich; from Moreh; Agam's stylized kinetic painting, etc., etc. Foreigners of international fame include Miró, Moore, Gutsover, and Cattell. The exhibition has been extended by the addition of Israeli paintings. (Danya Gallery, Haifa).

OVADIA SCHENK's representational sculpture has the idea, but the end result is uninteresting. A couple of heads of a man and a woman, respectively, are stylistically sound (Ritz Gallery, Haifa). Till Feb. 9.

"With Osem Pasta it's sure to be good."

Leora Sabatello,
House wife,
Adriano Sabatello,
Born in Rome, Italy.



"We've been in the country only two years. It's been a bit difficult but we're managing. Our son is 16 years old and our daughter is 12." "We eat Osem Pasta at least once a day".

"With Osem's Golden macaroni pasta is a sure success."

"I found that there was no need to rinse Osem's Golden Macaroni and Spaghetti with cold water."

"Our Special Sauce? Sliced meat, onion, a bit of oil. Fry the meat, add a little wine. When the

meat is almost stuck to the pan add fresh tomatoes. (Tomatoes

should be previously placed in water, making it simpler to slice them). Tomato puree may be used in place of tomatoes.



kosher

It's good it's OSEM

OSEM Pasta - as the Italians know it.

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Please note that all visits to Curmel
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EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE.
REPORT SUSPICIOUS OBJECTS!

Some like it instant

JUST BACK from an at-home vacation, I prolonged my holiday mood by drinking coffee and writing about it. Instant coffee at that.

To most local consumers, instant coffee means Elite or Lieber — and for good reason. These brands, both under Elite's ownership, control virtually the total instant coffee market in Israel today. And because of the monopolistic situation, the price of locally-made instant coffee is strictly controlled by the government.

All this may be about to change. On the one hand, the small Royal Food Industries of Lod is making a serious bid for a slice of the market with its "Royal 100%." On the other hand, two new brands of imported instant coffee have appeared on our grocery shelves — one at Super-Sol under its own house label, the other at the Histadrut's Supermarket chain, under the original Austrian label. Both come in identical glass jars, from the same firm, and sell at prices comparable to Elite's. (There is only five per cent customs duty on instant coffee.)

Elite claims to be unperturbed about the competition, especially when it comes from the local Royal manufacturers. "We respect all competitors," says Elite board chairman Mark Mosevics in a tone of lofty confidence.

Most consumers do not yet regard Royal as a serious alternative to Elite or Lieber, because they are still thinking about the old Royal which was reputed to have an inferior taste.

At a press conference last week, the co-partners of Royal Food Industries — Leonard Weiss and Joe Morginstin — both immigrants from the U.S. who took over the firm in 1977 — conceded that the public had been right in its rejection of the "old Royal." One of its faults, they admit, was that it was made from a single type of coffee bean rather than a blend. Another was its salinity. But this has been overcome by a different method of treating the water used in brewing the concentrate, they maintain.

Royal 100% is not merely a new label, but a totally new product, its manufacturers claim. They say it is a blend of Robusta and Arabica type beans, including the choice "Jima" strain from Ethiopia. The old Royal — produced up to last October and identifiable by a label covered with dark brown coffee beans — was pure Robusta. There is nothing wrong with these old tins; properly sealed, instant coffee should have a shelf-life of two years.

THE NAME Royal 100% is meant to stress that the new product is pure coffee, to distinguish it from the company's popular product, Taste of Coffee Plus. This came on the market in October '77, and has proved a success beyond expectations. It is a blend of coffee, chicory, grains and fruit, which makes it both cheaper and lower in caffeine. Many consumers, myself among them, have gone over to it for the latter reason: the coffee content is listed as 41 per



cent of the total. Lieber markets a similar beverage called Brazilia.

A 200-gram tin of Taste of Coffee Plus retails for IL\$2.50 plus VAT, (all prices in this column will exclude the tax); about half the price of most instant coffee. Another Royal beverage powder, Chico, contains no coffee at all, but is a blend of chicory, wheat and figs. It sells for IL\$2.75 for the big tin and is a favourite of natural food enthusiasts and children, who imagine they are drinking coffee.

The Royal 100% instant coffee carries an officially approved maximum price of IL\$7.35. This is almost identical to the price of Lieber, and slightly lower than Elite, which is IL\$8.18. During the month of February, Royal 100% will be sold at an "introductory price" of IL\$4.50, while the small, 50-gram tin will be IL\$4.55 instead of the usual IL\$5.30.

APART FROM its lower price, another selling point for certain elements of the public is the fact that Royal coffee is labelled "strictly kosher" in English, and in Hebrew, "naki mitashash ovla rivev." The latter means that the product complies with the religious obligation of tithing and the prohibition against using fruit from trees less than three years old.

To the ultra-Orthodox consumer, this labelling is even more important on Taste of Coffee Plus and Chico, because they may contain products grown in the Land of Israel, unlike coffee beans, which are all imported. The factory is under the supervision of Rabbi Nathan Ortner, the Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi of Lod, who is assisted by the Organization of Religious Consumers, headed by

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

Arye Lefkowitz of Bnei Brak.

The Religious Consumers' role, Lefkowitz told me, is helping check coffee beans for worms by testing random samples of deliveries before they are accepted by the firm, which rejects a batch if the worm count is too high by halachic standards.

Lefkowitz, however, hedged when I asked whether his organization considers Elite and Lieber coffee products not sufficiently kosher for its ultra-Orthodox following. All he would say was, "Our feeling is that no one else in the country is doing the sort of checks on coffee beans and related kashrut problems that we are."

Elite and Lieber do not label their tins as kosher except for the Passover season. Questioned about this, the chairman of Elite, Mark Mosevics said simply, "There's no need for it. It's obvious that our products are kosher." The factories are under regular rabbinic supervision — by the Safed Rabbinate in the case of Elite, the Beit Shemesh Rabbinate for Lieber.

MOSEVICHS confirmed a report that Elite is currently doing research on the possibility of adding "aroma" to its instant coffee. One of the things that ordinary instant coffee lacks is the scent of real coffee, and recently many overseas manufacturers have taken to adding this to their product. So far, Royal is not considering doing this because of its expense, but if Elite does, it may be forced to follow suit.

Another common practice by in-

stant coffee makers abroad is "glamorization." This is a process of pasting together some of the little beads of powdery instant coffee to give it a crystalline look — somewhat similar to the appearance of freeze-dried instant coffee. (Only Elite makes the latter here, under the label "18-Karat"; it costs about 85 per cent more than regular instant.)

That is apt to vary slightly in taste from batch to batch. And Super-Sol's merchandising manager, Mordechai Kreiner, insists that the only difference between the two is the label and the price. Indeed, it is quite likely that the instant coffee itself is not really manufactured in Austria, but only packaged there. The fact that it is called Reiner Brasil-Kaffee is a clue that it is probably part of the latest phenomenon in the instant coffee field — instant produced by some 20 new firms set up in Brazil recently to circumvent the coffee export quotas. The two-year-old OPEC-type union of coffee-growing countries sets strict quotas on the export of coffee beans, but not on finished instant coffee. Brazil is reportedly surpassing her production quotas, and exporting the excess as instant.

The European market is being flooded with this Brazilian-made instant, which is cheaper than, but not considered as high in quality as, the instant coffees of well-known European and American firms. When questioned about the possible Brazilian source of its imported-from-Austria coffee, Mr. Kreiner replied, "It's quite likely from Brazil."

The final test, of course, remains the taste of the individual consumer. All the instant coffees mentioned in this article vary only slightly in price — a matter of IL\$ more or less on a 200-gram jar, with a somewhat greater saving on Royal's new product during February. Some consumers will have nothing at all to do with instant coffee. Others will find very little difference among these brands. Still others will become loyal followers of one label or another and swear by it.

WHILE NONE of our local instant coffees is "glamorized" the newly-imported instant coffee from Austria seems to have a crystalline look. Surprisingly for an imported product, it costs very little more than locally-made instant.

Both Super-Sol and the Supermarket chain have begun selling instant coffee from the same Austrian manufacturer: Kaffeehandelsgesellschaft KG. At the Histadrut stores, it carries the original Austrian label bearing the brand name Los Kaffee, Reiner Brasil-Kaffee. This has a chart with the month and year of filling, and the notation that the product should be used within 20 months. A 200-gram glass jar sells for IL\$2 or IL\$2.50, depending on the part of the country, since in the Histadrut Consumer Cooperative chain, each district sets its own prices.

Super-Sol sells the same coffee — in identical jars but with its own label — at exactly the same price as Elite's local instant — IL\$2.18.

Two colleagues and I sampled a Supermarket and a Super-Sol jar of the Austrian coffee side by side, and agreed that the former seemed more bitter. Let me be quick to add that I don't consider a sampling of a single jar as a conclusive test; instant coffee is a product

Martha Melnick

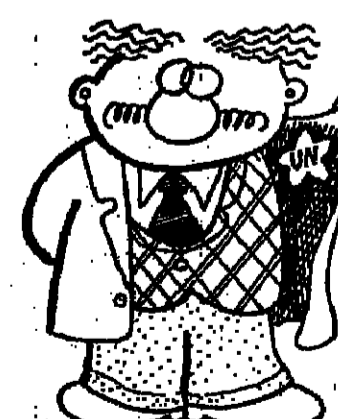
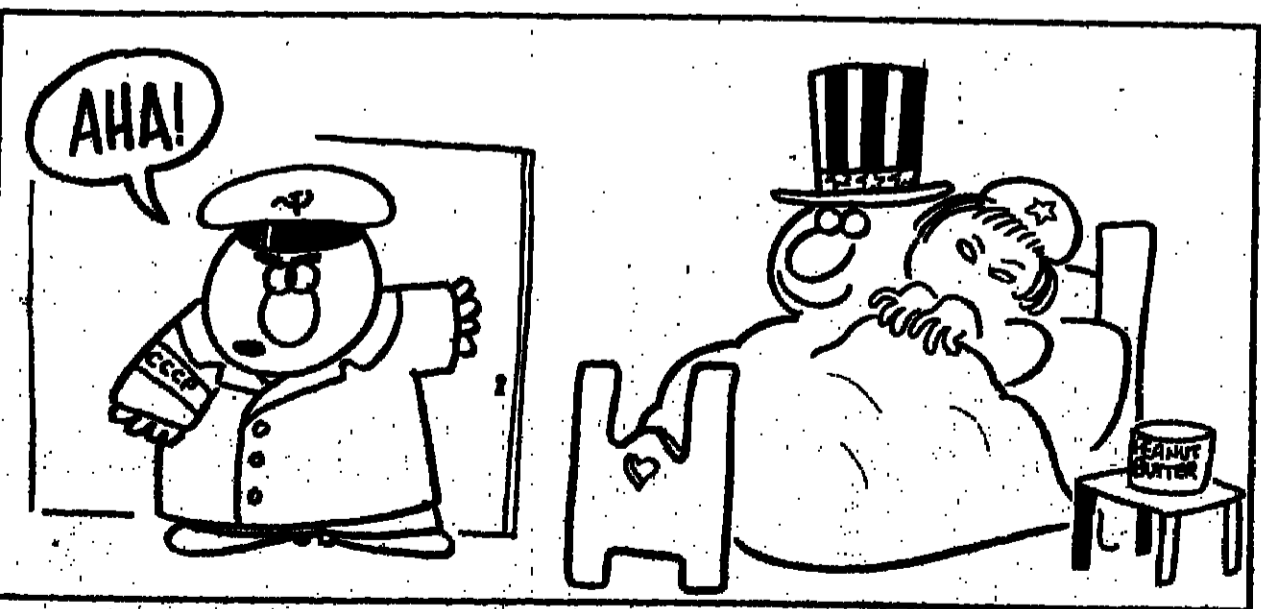
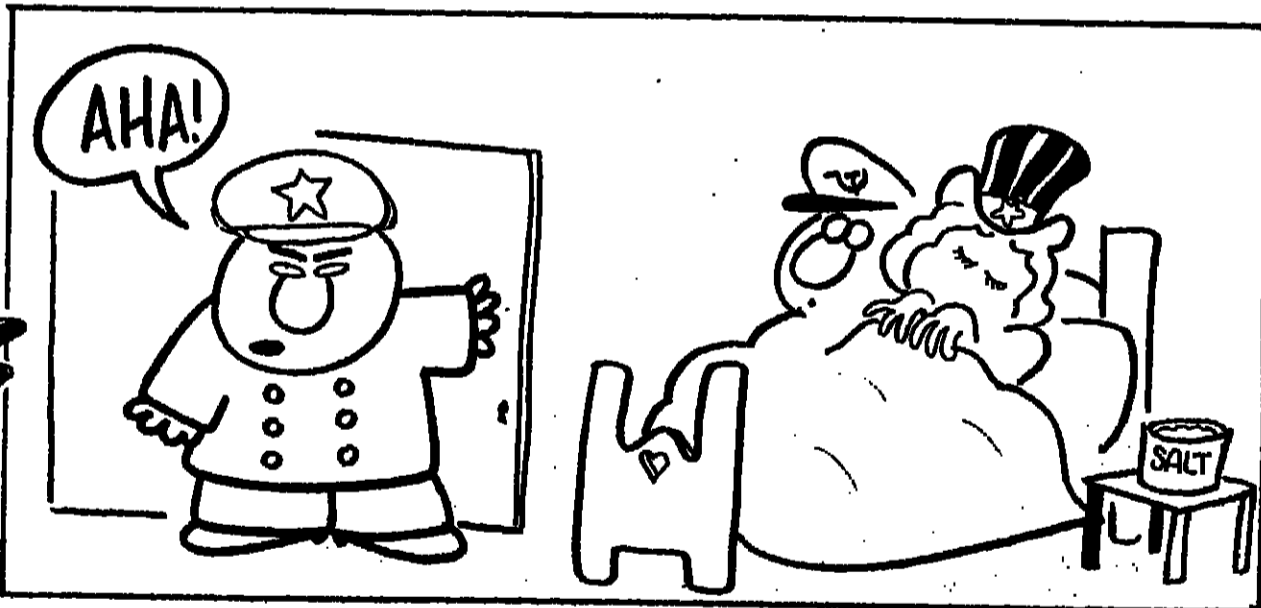
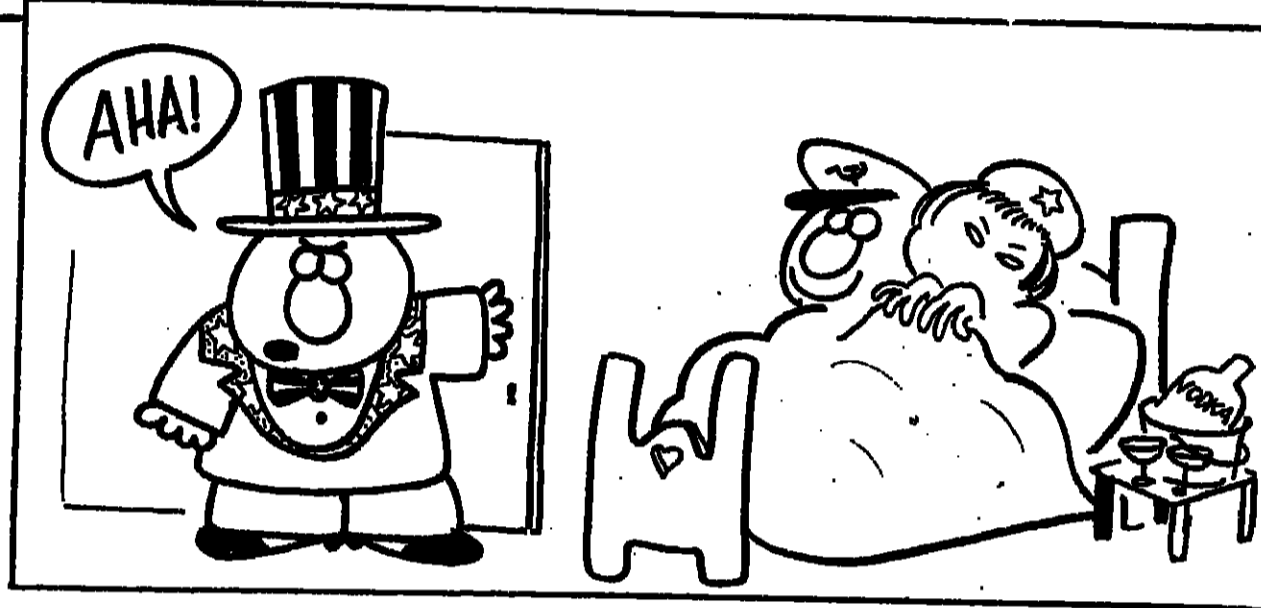
The Weekend Dry Bones

THE DOMESTIC INTRIGUES OF UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS
THE VIOLENCE OF THE SWEENEY
THE BANALITY OF HAWAII 5-0
PRESENTING A FEW SCENES FROM THE NEW TELEVISION BEDROOM FARCE...

RETURN TO PEKING PLACE

STARRING

THE MOTHERS



THE HOUSE DEFECTIVE

Martha Melnick